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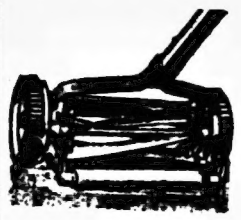

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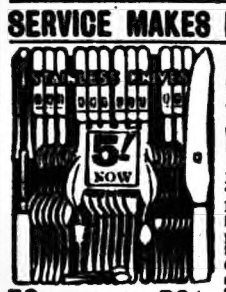

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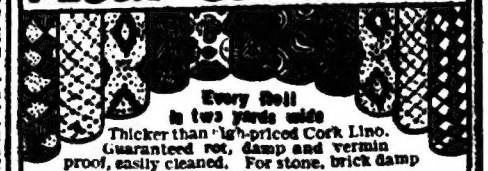

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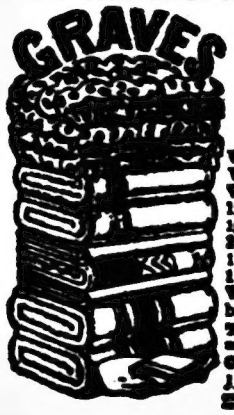

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The **Berkeley** *(as sketch)*

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WALLPAPERS. — Eclipse 1927 designs Book 150 patts. from 2½d. per roll, free on application. Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Rd., Leeds

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WRITE for Free Sample of NOSTROLENE. It is excellent for CATARRH. For address see page 33.

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"ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by *John Bull*. 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn. E.C.

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HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call.—M. Benson & Co., 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT FOR CASH, also old JEWELLERY, Diamonds, Gold, Silver. WE guarantee top prices—YOU can prove it. Call or post, Harris & Co., 217, Piccadilly, Ldn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

YOUR Teeth, broken or cracked, on Brand New Vulcanite at repair price.—Partics. Prosthetic Dental Co., Irthlingboro', Northants.

BIRTH CONTROL.—Does knowledge undermine morality? See what T. Bowen Partington says in this week's "HEALTH AND STRENGTH," 3d. all newsagents, or 4d. post free from J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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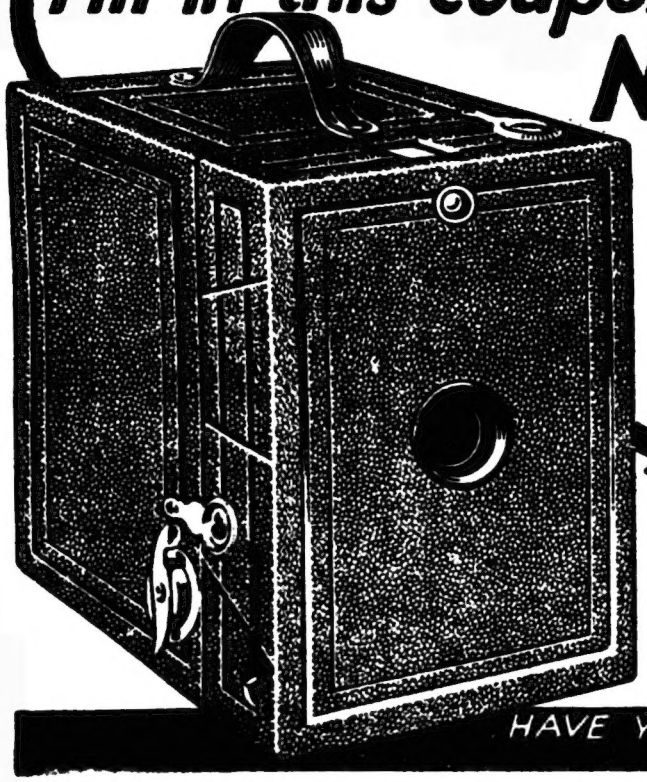

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9370.
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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Joyous Smashing.

The Government with its Trade Unions Bill is having as glorious a time as a bull in a china shop. The "pole-axe" is still some distance away, but it will fall in the end.

Dodging the Reckoning.

It's as certain as such things can be that at the next General Election nothing can save the Government except the divided Opposition vote at three-cornered elections.

Persiflage.

Meanwhile the comic spectacle goes on of dukes and earls and lawyers claiming to speak for the suffering mass of trade unionists against trade unionism's own elected spokesmen.

Foundation-stones.

Rome was not built in a day and the Geneva Economic Conference may have no immediate or spectacular results. All the same, world security is built on economic peace.

The Burden on the Back.

To hold its own with the immense productivity of other continents, Europe must cease wasting its substance on war and fears of war. We can't afford "tanks" when other lands are so busy with motor-ploughs.

The Reason.

Asiatic countries tend to trade more among themselves and with America than with us. The fault is ours. It's the price and the way the commodities are not advertised that tell.

The Land! The Land!

The roots of all wealth are in the land. The most urgent need of Britain is a big land policy to make the farm feed the factory.

The Returning Prodigal.

"Big business" welcomes the reappearance of Russia at Geneva as opening wider a great field for trade. Undoubtedly the best way to take the sting out of Communism is for Capitalism to turn Communism into a customer.

It's Suspicious.

What is the reason for the sudden song of sufficiency being voiced by the Ministry of Health in regard to housing? Poor men are still unable to rent a decent house at a possible figure.

Don't be Tricked.

Overcrowding in town and village is still as bad as ever. Thousands of families live in one or two rooms. Others are huddled in pig-sties worse than stalled cattle.

The Great God Gun.

"Land battles of the future," say experts, "will be long-range duels between highly engined, highly mobile tanks, armed with powerful guns able to surmount or cross any obstacle." If the people who must man them decide to do it they'll deserve what they'll get.

Sanity and Health.

Opposite the Salford Royal Hospital in Manchester stands a British tank and two 18-pounder German guns. The proposal to remove them and plant a garden in their place is good. Better for sick and well to walk with Nature than perpetuate the old hates of the world.

Expert Opinion.

"There is no denying that the race of armaments has become an intolerable burden; . . . an agreed reduction is not only desirable, but may actually diminish the risks of war," says the *Times*. When the chief Conservative organ talks sense in that fashion there's hope.

Room for Play.

There are 5,500,000 children in elementary schools in this country, and of these the vast majority are denied participation in games. It is not the least tragedy of the present land laws that thousands have nowhere to play.

Hitting the Bull's-eye.

A Norfolk school teacher declares that if the children and youths had playgrounds half the police force could be dismissed and turn to productive instead of preventive labour. But that means land, and land to-day is the one thing that English people haven't got.

Thousands Each Year.

Out of every sixteen persons employed in industry one at least meets with an accident sufficiently serious to entail compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act. And there is the whole case for bringing in new legislation, and passing a new Factory Act.

Laxity.

The Report of the Committee on Sexual Offences is growing stale, and still no Bill for dealing more drastically with offenders is drafted. What is the Government waiting for?

His Proud Name.

If statesmen of old days aspired to be conquerors, equally do those of to-day desire to be peacemakers. And that is what makes the congratulatory messages from all over the world to M. Briand on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his political life significant. It shows the spirit of the new age.

£2,000 for You?

"Bullets" £2,000. Offer closes in a few days. Be quick if you want to get rich! See page 43.

HURRY UP—LAST WEEK!

Women in Arms.

Live subjects on the agenda of the Women's National Liberal Federation claimed the largest gathering in its history at their annual council meetings. Whenever the General Election comes along women mean to be there.

Getting in Trim.

Family allowances, birth control, industrial co-partnership, education, coal reorganisation and international politics all claimed attention. If housing had been made the first and paramount issue it would not have been amiss. The silence of women on this question is amazing.

Shark Restriction.

Stormy scenes mark the committee stage of the Moneylenders Bill, but its backers stand firm. The welfare of the poorest is in question and this time we hope they'll be protected.

Horrid Inhumanity.

For burying kittens alive Albert Bantock and Frederick Chapman were each fined £3 at Brighton Police Court. If a little suffering to their own skins had been added we should raise no objection.

Hanged after Postponement.

At the inquest on William Knighton, hanged after his execution had been cancelled and a new date fixed, the coroner doubted the wisdom of the death penalty. It does not appear a deterrent, was his argument. It is ours also and always has been.

Direct Purchase.

Eight pounds of cod filleted, in a neat box, for 2s., is the offer of the Hull Fish Food Depot. The same fish, with bones complete, in some shops costs 1s. to 2s. per lb.!

Where is Pity?

More than 200,000 experiments in 242 licensed laboratories, 9,402 without anæsthetics, were performed on animals last year. There are only two full-time inspectors to "interfere" when agony and pain are prolonged.

Sheer Pretence.

What can two men do? That they are appointed under an Act dated 1876 proves that attention is called for.

A Mug Tax.

The thick earthenware tea-set on the working man's table will be taxed at a higher rate than the delicate china used by the rich. That is the condemnation of all tariffs. They hit the poor hardest.

Now Proceeding.

The row over the Trade Unions Bill must not obscure lesser issues. The Companies Bill, designed to end share-pushing, has passed its second reading in the Upper House. It must quickly become law.

The Runners.

Lord Burnham's tribute to newsvendors as the live wires of modern life is well deserved. Wet or fine, cold or storm, they stand at the service of the public. It is well that a little gratitude should sometimes be returned.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Still Dirty.

It hardly seems possible that retailers should still be selling unclean milk. Yet as much as 79 per cent. of milk for sale in the borough of Workington was found by the medical officer to contain cow dung, hairs and dirt. It is time a complete stop was put to this kind of thing.

An Egg Story.

Frederick Bonaface, manager of Messrs. Thoroughgood's shop in Huddersfield, was careless about labelling as "Danish" two baskets of eggs for sale. A £10 fine was imposed. We think it would be well if similar fines were exacted if the quality of any foodstuff as well as its origin did not come up to the claims made by the label.

Age to Youth.

The Rt. Hon. T. R. Ferens, asked by the Lord Mayor of Hull if he would receive a gift from the citizens on his eightieth birthday, replied that any fund raised would be transferred to Hull University College for the purpose of founding a scholarship. Such a tribute to youth from one rich in years and the wisdom of giving is a fine acknowledgment to generous citizens.

Prompt Action.

Finding his kitchen on fire, Alfred William Jeffrey, a dockyard rigger of Portsmouth, controlled his excitement enough to shut all doors and windows before gathering his eight children in a bedroom, whence he lowered them through the window. We are glad to add that, though his house was burned, his promptitude has saved his entire family.

Wrong Start.

More terrible than her own death from self-inflicted gas-poisoning, was the fact that Mrs. Gattiker, of Harpurhey, Manchester, was in the habit of sending her twelve-year-old daughter with money to back horses. Though she betted heavily herself, she might have remembered that "Take heed lest ye offend one of these little ones" is a rule that no mother can afford wilfully to neglect.

Ready Forgiveness.

Such a forgiving spirit as that shown by Annie Elizabeth Clayton, of Cannock, whose declaration that Reginald Metcalf Price's attempt to strangle her was all her fault, deserves to receive forgiveness. By her avowal of guilt in rousing his anger, Price's sentence has been reduced to three months in the second division. So we can hope that in time both will forget the past and start married life together as they had intended.

Enough Punishment.

In his determination to get hold of the man who was trying to take away his bicycle, Alfred Prime, of Worcester Park, near New Malden, struck a blow at Alfred Poplett, of Gratton Street, Earlsfield, which caused him the loss of an eye. The magistrates were right in thinking Poplett severely enough punished by discharging him when the court rose, since Prime must already feel the safety of his machine was too dearly bought.

A Terror.

It is all very well to describe a man as the "terror of the district" and send him to prison for two months with hard labour. But Fred Jaram, of Sunderland, who unprovoked threw a stone at Charles Wilkinson, struck him as he was lying stunned in the road and then pleaded that "he was only trying to do the lad a good turn," requires something very different. What he wants is a doctor.

Callous Red Tape.

The "dole" is more than a waste of money: it is a waste of character. When an unemployed fireman at West Hartlepool assisted at a fire and received 2s. 6d. for his service he lost in consequence 4s. 4d. unemployment benefit, and may lose another 1s. 2d. for stamps. The local town council is taking the matter up and rightly so. A worse piece of cynicism in the sacred cause of "precedence" was never perpetrated.

Corporal's Sleight-of-hand.

We like the tribute paid to an unnamed corporal by a missionary, the Rev. G. Mathew Thomas, who has returned from Central China. The corporal, for hour after hour, warded off missiles shied at him by howling Chinese, by doing sleight-of-hand tricks with a baton. Whoever he is he plays a good bat.

Cruelty Move.

Naked and unashamed in their demands are the signatories to the petition presented to the House of Commons demanding legal powers to take stray dogs for vivisection purposes. We fancy that demand will not be met. There is a little decency left in the country, and those who keep dogs know only too well that a sudden misfortune may turn any one of them into a "stray."

Housing Claim.

Local councillors make the proud boast that the colliery village of Bentley is an example to the country. Already it has provided 712 houses with the prospect of forty-eight houses and bungalows to be let at rentals of 8s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Granted their claim, in view of the waiting list of 800, we hope it will be perpetuated by continued building.

"Woe Waters."

Plunging again and again into the culvert, into which a two-year-old boy, who had fallen into the Bourne at Caterham, had been swept, Charles Moore stayed there searching for the child, till he was dragged out exhausted. Such an unsavoury task, so persistently undertaken, is the one ray of brightness on this tragedy of a stream aptly termed one of England's "woe waters."

The Only Way.

Sleeping for the first time in the house after her husband had left it to die, Winifred Josephin Parsons, twenty-four, of Liverpool, distraught with sad memories of past happiness, set fire to her bedroom. For this she has been bound over. We should like to suggest that, unsympathetic though it may seem, hard work, physical as well as mental, is for her the only way by which peace can be both kept and secured.

The Human Machine

Intolerance

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

ALL intolerance is stupid. It can do nothing to stop progress.

Since the beginning of time intolerant people have tried to make the world stand still—and it has gone steadily forward in spite of them.

Intolerant people are their own worst enemies: they miss so much that is beautiful in life.

They waste so many hours in the contemplation of ugly things that they have no time for looking at the fine and noble things.

In the end their own minds grow warped and twisted till they are incapable of seeing good in anyone or anything.

Intolerance is nothing to be proud of. If it is not sheer obstinacy it is the result of fear.

TO be intolerant is to confess that you cannot think. It is also to confess that you are selfish and self-centred.

"The devil," said Lowell, "loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience."

The more people who refuse to see reason the longer it will be before justice and humanity rule the world.

Of all mental weaknesses intolerance is the worst, since it is the one mental trait that injures not only its possessor, but everyone with whom he comes in contact.

Sunday Teas.

The vicar of Otley objects to provision being made for refreshments in the local park on Sundays. He claims that a burden would fall on the ratepayers and suggests that folk should come from adjacent towns and enjoy the park in a quiet and restful manner without Sunday trading. But surely a cup of tea is not incompatible with quiet and is likely to be in so much demand that a pavilion supplying it would soon pay for itself.

The Thing Lacking.

Motherhood is the world's greatest and most important industry, and in this we agree with the Dean of Manchester. His efforts to provide for the city's women in need of rest in fresh air and pleasant surroundings are also laudable. But what is the Church doing in Manchester, Salford and other cities to enforce improvement of God-forsaken homes in which many children are cradled?

The Bad Samaritan.

When a motor-cyclist, Harold Freeman, of West Ham, lay dying in the road at Romford, and a girl who had been riding on the pillion was in agony from her injuries, a van-driver asked the driver of a motor-car to help him with the injured couple. "If I see them I shall faint," said the motorist and drove on. Such selfishness is fortunately rare on the road. A motorist of this worm type ought not to be at the wheel of a car.

Wiser Next Time.

William George Whithorn was having tea at a Greek Street restaurant when two young men offered to give him 5s. to pawn a silver cigarette-box for £1. Unwisely he agreed, though common sense and the fact that the box bore a crest should have told him it had been stolen. He was arrested and the magistrate has bound him over and placed him on probation. To similar offers we feel sure he will henceforward turn a deaf ear.

Tell It Out!

"If the whole truth were told, the living and moral conditions in St. Philip's parish, the poorest in Hull City, would startle the whole of England," unhesitatingly declares the Rev. F. Sedgwick, its vicar; 95 per cent. of the people live in single rooms, many of them plundered by rent-profiteers. The moral conditions are such that Mr. Sedgwick hesitates to talk about them. Why? Social cancers are the nation's gravest menace, and the duty of the Church is to speak out.

Not Forgetful.

One of a working-class family of twelve, Mr. Peter Birtwhistle emigrated at twenty-two to Canada, where he has died at eighty-five. He has not forgotten his native town of Colne, Lancashire, and has left his fortune of £200,000 to the Corporation, of which £60,000 is invested for twenty-one years. This money is to be spent on building and endowing cottage homes for poor people of the district. Not all who have climbed the ladder of success look back with such generosity.

Back to the Chartists.

At Ecclefechan, near Carlyle's birthplace, there has been a scene. Colonel Arnott, of Kirkconnel Hall, fenced in the Haggs, a piece of common ground, and was told that his fence must come down. He made no move, so, led by Edward Easton, more than seventy years of age, the villagers massed and levelled it. The police silently watched 200 yards of fencing 7 ft. high being broken up. Colonel Arnott now knows that he is living in 1927, and not in medieval days.

Pitiful End.

The futility of prison as a cure for crime is poignantly illustrated by George Lawrence, who recently had his fortieth conviction recorded at London Sessions. At eighty-three, feeble, with white beard and silver hair, suffering from senile decay and senile dementia, he has gone again to prison for nine months for housebreaking and theft. As a youth he was sent to a reformatory. He will now go into the prison infirmary, and presumably be treated kindly, but he provides a complete indictment of the present prison system all the same.

Britain's Disgrace.

The Public Health Department reports that in the West Lancashire Rural District two aged women, an old man, an imbecile lad, a married couple, four children, and a cow live under the same roof. Another home in the locality consists of one room, in which thirteen human beings are packed! Evidently the department needs to study the reports it presents—and to act.

A "Royal" Memory.

When visiting Hastings the Prince of Wales recognised an ex-Service man, Mr. A. W. Miles, at an inspection, and on learning that he could not find work, "I will see to it," His Royal Highness promised. Miles is now working at the new Hastings pavilion. We are sure that if the members of the Royal Family had their way there wouldn't be a single ex-soldier out of a job.

A Sniff of the Sea.

Parsons and kill-joys who have been sneering at the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers ought to have been at Brighton the other day when 250 children were brought in motor-cars from the East End to the sea. It was a red-letter day in the lives of children who have had the bad luck to be born poor, and it was just the sort of good deed that kill-joys never think of doing.

'Gainst Fearful Odds.

Joseph Wright, of Thackley, was not content to wait until Parliament extended to him a halfway hand. Left fatherless when a bairn, sent to work in a quarry at six, a part of his life was spent in a workhouse, and not until he was fifteen had he a day's schooling. Yet he became a professor of philology at Oxford and author of a classic dictionary. In truth the lives of some men are an example to others.

Pattern Playground.

If every town in the country were as enterprising as Kettering the kiddies would indeed have a good time. Wicksteed's Park therein is a children's paradise, containing as it does dozens of swings, jazz planks, maypoles, giant strides, ocean waves, spiders' webs and many other contrivances dear to youthful hearts. A town where the street forms the only playground for the majority of its children is a town accursed, and there are sadly too many of them.

British Grit.

Mr. William James Major is a credit to his birthplace, Yeovil, and a man of whom the country at large has cause to be proud. Twenty-five years ago he ventured out to Western Canada as a farm lad, and now at the age of forty-eight he has been appointed Attorney-General of Manitoba. We are not surprised to learn that he is prominent in the Boy Scout movement, which must appeal to one who embodies in himself just those sterling attributes which it seeks to inculcate.

"Better a Millstone——"

"I think that, having resigned, it would be better for all parties if no proceedings were taken." This was the cringing remark of Alfred Charles Style, then the rector of Broadwas, near Worcester, a man of sixty-six, who was later found guilty of an offence against an eleven-year-old girl and three others. He was sentenced to a month in each case—four months in all. How one whose Master likened little children to the kingdom of heaven could descend to such vileness passes comprehension. Were there one unforgiveable sin it would be the corruption of a child.

If Youth but Knew.

Mary Walker, a frail girl from the Hebrides, has been for two months in prison with the capital charge hanging over her. Coming as a young servant to Glasgow, entirely ignorant of the facts of life, and not even understanding her own condition, she gave birth to twins. One, born at the house of her employer, she strangled in her terror, the other, hours later, was born in an infirmary. Now she is acquitted, with words of serious warning. But why are not such warnings given before the event? And where is the man responsible for Mary's suffering? In all the dread proceedings even his name escapes.

No Balance-sheets.

Geo. H. Breton is sending out appeals from Shaftesbury Hall, Trinity Street, Borough, S.E., appealing for funds to aid in finding meals for poor children. The recipient of one of these wrote asking to be furnished with a balance-sheet. We are not surprised to hear that it was not forthcoming. We have been trying to induce him to publish a balance-sheet for some years now.

Who Wants Winners?

At an address in Charles Street, Pitfield Street, London, is the business of a bookmaker named A. A. Mince, whose methods have frequently been exposed in JOHN BULL. From the same address a person named Percy R. Dey is sending out circulars offering to supply winners for a registration fee of 5s. and "a monetary present when you win." We will bet that any sensible person will tell Dey to take his "winners" elsewhere.

Defaulting Bookmaker.

Four Hull working men had a bet of 5s. to £100 on Priory Park and Sprig for the Spring double with Walter Davington, of Leicester Square, London, but have been unable to obtain payment. There is, unfortunately, no legal redress, although this man, about whom we have had repeated complaints, is granted a licence by the Government. What is the National Sporting League doing to allow him to advertise as a member of its organisation?

"Help the Unemployed."

"Please buy British goods and help the unemployed" was the plea of J. A. Knight when engaged on a canvassing mission. He accepted payments for bottles of "Anti-Pestine," a spring cleaning concoction, and other articles, and gave receipts bearing an address in Great Peter Street, Westminster. The goods have not been forthcoming and communications to the address given have been returned marked "Gone away." The amounts paid have presumably gone with him.

Aidall Snowball Scheme.

The Aidall Distribution Scheme is still being worked from Holland Road, London, by W. Holmes, L. Davis and Wm. Holmes. The purchaser of a form has to sell four others to friends. The forms are of different colours and when the colour reappears the purchaser is supposed to receive £60. A South Shields reader who sent a postal order has received no forms and letters of enquiry have been ignored. This is a snowball ramp, and the colour which most frequently turns up is green—in the eye of the taker.

Music from America.

"The Hawaiian Studio of New York Academy of Music," whatever that high-sounding title may signify, of which one A. F. Bloch is described as president, has recently been advertising in this country guitars and other more or less musical instruments on the hire-purchase system. A reader who sent a preliminary registration fee received an acknowledgment and then sent nearly £4 as first payment for a guitar. He has heard nothing since. The New York Academy of Music has evidently suddenly become mute.

"A Paragon of Swindlers."

In our issue of November 21, 1925, we published an article criticising the Paragon Insurance Company, Limited, and designating it a swindling concern. Upon enquiry, we have ascertained that although certain of its agents may have made misrepresentations, we are satisfied that the company in question had no knowledge of any such misrepresentations or gave any instructions that they should so act, and therefore, we take this opportunity of tendering our apology to the company.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE

"JOHN BULL" PAYS
50 CHEQUES OF £5 5s.

(See page 2.)

Problems of Life

Interviewing Rudyard Kipling

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE following amusing story was told me on board ship by the audacious perpetrator of the trick described.

He is a Canadian of lively disposition and plenty of enterprise as the reader will gather from what he relates.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling

Years ago when on a visit to this country he strongly desired to see and speak with Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

With this object he made a special journey to the great writer's Sussex home, but found that as he had no introduction he could not obtain access to Mr. Kipling.

Not to be balked by this difficulty, the visitor began making enquiries and learned that he sometimes took an afternoon walk in company with a terrier dog of which he was very fond.

THE ingenious Canadian promptly went up to town and bought a similar dog warranted to pick a quarrel at sight with any other quadruped. Then he returned to Sussex and waited his chance.

Before long it came. The unsuspecting celebrity was out of doors one day with his dog; the watching visitor followed at a distance and presently unloosed his own pugnacious animal in the wake of the other.

Instantly there was a terrific battle. Mr. Kipling and the Canadian danced round the combatants, each blaming the opposing dog for beginning the attack.

When peace was restored with the aid of a leash which my informant had in his pocket he and Mr. Kipling naturally fell into conversation—first about dogs, then about the Empire, then about literature and many other things.

Finally, Mr. Kipling insisted on showing this apparently innocent but interesting casual acquaintance some hospitality.

The end was gained.

I think I should like Mr. Kipling to know how he was done; it may amuse him; and no improper use was ever made of the opportunity thus illicitly obtained.

His guest represented no newspaper, and was not seeking anything for publication. He simply wanted to see and speak with the man he regarded as the greatest writer of our time.

IS there a moral to such unscrupulous behaviour? I think there is.

It is that good humour and determination can surmount most obstacles in this world.

Few of us would care to imitate the methods of my Canadian acquaintance in violating the privacy of an eminent man, but the author of "Stalky and Co." ought to be able to appreciate and forgive them.

Personally, I have none of this gift, yet I badly want to persuade Mr Kipling to inaugurate a public function in the autumn.

Can anyone lend me a businesslike Alsatian?

WIDOW'S AWFUL ORDEAL

ORPHAN'S SIX YEARS FOR 2½d.

Teddy Must Go Home

MRS. HATTON is a poor widow living in the old West Riding town of Wakefield, who has experienced troubles of a nature which, fortunately, few are called upon to bear.

Within the short space of six months she lost her husband and five children.

The apple of his mother's eye and her consolation in her almost unbearable time of trial and distress was still spared to her.

Little Teddy, the image of his father, was her comfort.

He is now in a reformatory, however, where he has been sent for six years.

Teddy is now twelve years of age and the long wait for his return is proving far too great a strain on the feelings of the bereaved widow, who is slowly dying in the extremity of her grief and despair.

Terrible trial

Mrs. Hatton is a respectable, hard-working woman, held in the highest esteem by her friends and her neighbours.

Since she lost her husband in the devastating influenza epidemic of 1918 she has done her utmost to earn an honest living by selling goods in the market-places of Wakefield and the surrounding district.

She also lets apartments to respectable applicants, but she is greatly handicapped in the struggle for existence by a terrible disease which at times leaves her prostrate, and which becomes worse as time goes on.

When her husband died her cup of bitterness seemed full, but within six months she had buried five of her children.

All were victims of that dreadful influenza scourge which took such a terrible toll of human life.

Some of her children died within a few days of each other and one little girl died on the Monday following the Friday on which another was buried.

Still, the youngest and her favourite, little Teddy, was left to mourn and condole with her.

One August Bank Holiday Teddy was in the company of two other boys. They all went to play in an empty house, boy-like full of mischief and high spirits.

Teddy was then only seven years of age. His companions were older, being eleven and thirteen years respectively.

Price of a bath

They lit a fire in the empty house and heated water and filled the bath. They all had a good wash—not a very serious crime—and went home, when Teddy told his beloved mother all about it.

She spoke words of wisdom to the kid, pointed out that what he had done was wrong, and administered a matronly chastisement which was quite adequate to meet the case of a foolish prank.

But that was not the end of the matter. Certain damage had been done to the property by the youngsters and the police were called in. So Teddy was haled before the magistrates and at the age of seven was bound over for a period of three years.

Mrs. Hatton, despite the fact that she was kept constantly busy earning the wherewithal to live, kept a kindly but ever-vigilant eye on her boy during the period of his probation,

Mrs. Hatton

and he got into no further trouble during that time.

Shortly afterwards he was sent on an errand by an uncle and was standing outside a local picture-palace looking at the highly coloured posters there displayed, when he was approached by a number of schoolboys whom he knew, who offered him a piece of toffee.

This he accepted and was then gleefully told by one of the young scamps that they had gone into a local sweet-shop and asked for an empty box.

While the shopkeeper's back was turned one of his companions purloined a stick of rock and a bar of toffee from the counter.

Drastic order

The value of the sweets taken was exactly 2½d., and little Teddy Hatton had had absolutely nothing to do with it.

But he had accepted some of the toffee. Later the boys were all rounded up by the police, and a detective called and conveyed Teddy to the police station.

Subsequently he and the five real delinquents were haled before the magistrates and Teddy with two of the other boys was *sent to a reformatory for six years.*

It is difficult to express one's feelings of horror at such a drastic order for such a trivial offence, even if Teddy had been actually concerned, which he was not, more especially as two of the other boys escaped with a touch of the birch.

The magistrates explained to his mother that they felt it necessary to explain that their decision was due to the fact that Teddy had no father and was getting out of his mother's control and into bad company.

The ever-open door

On hearing the verdict the poor mother collapsed in the court. That was two years ago and Mrs. Hatton, who was in poor health previously, has since been in a pitiable state.

She has now, through worry and anxiety, reached such a stage that she never enjoys a decent night's rest. She is forty-nine years of age, but her personal appearance suggests a woman of seventy.

Since a day or two after her darling was torn away she has never slept in a bed.

She cannot bear to spend the night in her bedroom because of the poignant memories to which it gives rise.

So she spends her restless nights on an uncomfortable sofa in the kitchen. The door opens on to the garden where Teddy spent many hours in innocent amusement in happier days.

A light is always kept burning and the door is never secured. The poor woman ever and anon turns her sorrowful eyes towards this door, hoping against hope once more to see Teddy, happily released, enter through it.

Will humanity prevail?

Among her most treasured possessions are two fowls which, as chickens, belonged to Teddy. These she tends with loving care so that they may be there when he returns.

These two birds have from time to time hatched out chickens. Mrs. Hatton never sells them, but goes out into the street and presents any boy of Teddy's age whom she happens to meet with a chicken to keep as a pet.

Upstairs is a scrupulously clean room which is never let, and is kept in constant readiness for her boy's return.

When the widow's pensions were introduced it was hoped that Mrs. Hatton would be eligible. Had her boy been at home she would have been. As it is the money will be devoted to the son's upkeep.

When Teddy was sent away for six years his mother was sentenced to death by inches. Unless her boy is speedily released she may never live to see him again.

Her only consolation is the affectionate letters she receives from the reformatory.

If one spark of imagination or human sympathy is to be found at the Home Office this order will even now be quashed and mother and son reunited.

Otherwise this woman's torture and early demise may lay heavily at its door.

Our Express Omnibuses

Drivers Forced to Break the Law

THE legal maximum speed for heavy motor-omnibuses is twelve miles an hour. On narrow country lanes and busy main roads up and down the country these vehicles frequently exceed thirty miles an hour.

Even in the streets of London a 'bus often travels at something well over twenty miles an hour.

The drivers are not infrequently heavily fined for exceeding the speed limit, and frequently in the provinces if they do not do so they are dismissed.

A typical case of this kind has just occurred at Doncaster. Many people in the district have made bitter complaint of the dangerous speeds of 'buses, and Detective-sergeant Grimshaw followed one driven by Frank Shaw, of Wentbridge.

Dangerous speed

For a distance of eight miles the average speed of this 'bus was thirty-one miles an hour. At one point he was driving at thirty-six miles an hour.

Shaw, when spoken to by the police officer, expressed his sorrow and stated that he had never been in trouble before. The high rate of travelling, he explained, was necessary in order to reach his destination in accordance with the time-table.

There was not even time for him to get meals, no interval for eating being allowed by his employers.

Shaw was summoned and when he came before the magistrates pleaded guilty. In the ordinary way he would have been fined and the company got off scot free, as has happened in far too many cases up and down the country.

But the chairman of the Bench, Mr. Cooke-Yarborough, took a saner and wider view of his duties.

A summons was issued at his intervention against the employers, the South Yorkshire Motor Company, and some severe and pointed questions were asked by Mr. Cooke-Yarborough.

Striking admission

When asked for an explanation as to why its employees had no time for meals the retort of a witness was, "It is not general for 'bus drivers to have meals."

Presumably the only way for the drivers to get anything to eat is to snatch a few minutes by travelling at an even higher speed than that laid down in the illegal time-table.

The company admitted that if a driver did not exceed the legal limit and adhere to the time-table *he would be dismissed.*

In fining the company £10, the chairman said the Bench deplored the fact that the company had endeavoured to make a scapegoat of Shaw, the helpless driver.

The South Yorkshire Motor Company needs to mend its ways and show more consideration to its employees. It is not by any means the only culprit, but that makes its offence no better.

VERY HOT BRICKS!

ANOTHER EMPLOYMENT CATCH

Holloway's Hollow Way

BRICKMAKING is one of the most profitable industries in England to-day, and most companies owning brickfields are making big dividends.

The South Hiendley Brickworks (1925), Ltd., appears to be not only the exception that proves the rule, but a shining example of how bricks can be made to glitter to the undoing of that type of investor who seeks to employ his cash capital side by side with his labour.

The principal figure in the South Hiendley Brick Company was Mr. Arthur William Holloway, who is in business as a company registration agent at Stanton Chambers, Central Road, Leeds.

Holloway appears to make a speciality of offering employment with investment, but in this case there does not seem to be any permanency about the former.

A number of people have been induced to buy shares in the brick company as a condition of employment. In every case the job has come to a sudden end, and the money invested apparently vanished just as quickly.

On December 5, 1925, Alfred Darley, of Leeds, was induced to invest £50 on the promise of three years' work in the brickyard. His employment came to an end within a few weeks.

Job that did not last

The next man to succumb to the temptation of three years' work was Mr. F. J. Pullan, of Harrogate, who parted with £100 in January, 1926.

Mr. Pullan was employed regularly until Easter, then off and on till May, when he was put off altogether. The reason given him was that the works wanted reorganising.

Contemporary with Mr. Pullan comes Mr. James Haworth, who replied to an advertisement in a Leeds newspaper for a post as sales manager to a brickworks, an investment of £500 being required.

After a number of interviews with Holloway, Mr. Haworth entered into a five-year agreement with the company to act as sales manager at a salary of £6 per week, plus a bonus of 1s. per 1,000 on all bricks sold and delivered and an expense allowance of £2 per week.

It was also agreed that Mr. Haworth should be appointed a director of the company for a period of ten years on his taking up 100 £1 ordinary shares in the company, in consideration of which he was to participate in equal shares in all fees allowed to directors.

Tale that was told

Mr. Haworth paid £100, for which he received a share certificate for 200 ordinary shares of 10s. He also paid £150 towards a debenture of £400 which he agreed to take up, the balance to be paid up out of his bonuses and director's fees.

He states that he was told that the output of the brickworks was 40,000 per week and that his share of the directors' fees would amount to over £100 a year.

For a fortnight all was merry and bright. Mr. Haworth obtained orders covering the entire output of the brickworks for six months ahead, but at the end of his third week there was no money to pay salaries.

Mr. Haworth states that a number of other people have lost money in this company in the same way. Recently he sued the company for the return of the £150 he had paid for debentures and for arrears of salary.

No appearance was entered on behalf of the company and judgment against it consequently went by default. His solicitor then discovered that a receiver had been appointed on behalf of another debenture-holder, the original owner of the brickworks.

Shuttlecock shares

Further investigation into the affairs of this concern reveal some interesting facts. The shares Darley and Pullan received were transferred to them from the holding of Miss Emma Jane Holloway, a sister of A. W. Holloway.

Haworth's shares were transferred to him from the holding of Mr. John Kirkman, Holloway's co-director and the secretary of the company.

These three people all thought and say they were led to believe that their money was invested in the company, whereas they received somebody else's shares.

The company's file at Somerset House shows that a number of other people have had shares transferred to them from Miss Emma Jane Holloway, who originally held 1,000 preference shares of £1 each and 2,000 ordinary shares of 10s. each. To-day she has none.

Holloway himself never had more than two 10s. shares in the company, and he parted with these last August.

According to Mr. Haworth, the company acquired some brickworks from a Mr. F. Woodhead at South Hiendley, employing him as manager at a salary of £5 per week. Mr. Woodhead had a mortgage of £1,000, £500 in preference shares, and was to receive £1,000 in cash.

Part of the purchase consideration to Mr. Woodhead, however, appears to have been satisfied by a debenture

The Rt. Hon. Viscount [illegible], Lord Chancellor, who spoke on the Companies Bill in the House of Lords

for £717 4s. 4d., registered on April 16, 1926. Last January Mr. Woodhead appointed a receiver under the powers conferred on him by this debenture.

Holloway claims to be an expert on company formation and assists people to convert their businesses into limited companies.

New power wanted

On his own confession, he is a director of nine companies and a managing director of two. He is an undischarged bankrupt, a receiving order having been made against him in March, 1924, on the petition of a firm of moneylenders.

The sooner the new Companies Bill becomes law, the better it will be for people who fondly believe that they are protected under the existing Acts.

While Holloway's dupes have themselves to blame to a great extent for not making enquiries before parting with their money, the State clearly owes a duty to the public to make stringent regulations for the proper control of employment-with-investment propositions.

A DREADFUL TRAP FOR WOMEN

CLARE'S TERRIBLE CLUB

"HAVING read your article by Sydney Moseley—'A Terrible Club'—I can give you a further and more detailed account of it than he is ever likely to be able to do, being myself a most unfortunate victim. . . ."

So writes a woman reader of JOHN BULL. Her story is an appalling endorsement of our exposure of the Universal Correspondence Club run by Mr. Clare.

Striving to eke out a small private income by writing, this lady was driven by loneliness, and the desire to become acquainted with people who might help her, to reply to an advertisement of the U.C.C.

Outrageous proposal

She wrote to Mr. Clare asking him if he could give her introductions to journalists. Mr. Clare undertook to do so, and she paid him a fee of 10s.

Out of some dozens of letters she received, she met a number of writers by appointment. Not one of whom proved to be a journalist.

One of the letters to which she did not reply was from a man who said he was writing a book on drugs, and who made the outrageous proposal that his correspondent should join him in making improper experiments while under their influence.

Irish blarney

Another writer sent her a number of obscene photographs accompanied by a letter of a disgusting character.

A number of the men she met made insulting proposals to her. One man, however, with whom she corresponded seemed to be genuinely seeking an honourable friendship.

Our reader met this man, a tall, dark Irishman, who both wrote and talked about ethics, literature and poetry. He told her he was single and lonely.

Having completely won her affections this man at length confessed that he was already married, but said that he had not lived with his wife for over four years.

He avowed his intention of securing a divorce, and produced letters from his wife in which she made it clear that she wanted nothing more to do with him.

The next proposal made by this man to the woman whose affections he had gained was that she should help him to secure his divorce by staying with him for one night at a hotel in London. This she was weak enough to do.

Preying on fear

Playing on her fear of exposure to her family, he preyed on this unfortunate woman, living on her money, incurring heavy debts in her name.

When she found she was to become a mother, he vilely proposed an illegal operation and tried to induce her to take drugs.

On the day her child was born, he deserted her, and she has never seen him since.

Terrible warning

This scoundrel boasted to his victim of his friendship with Mr. Clare and of other girls whom he had seduced, all introduced to him through this terrible club.

Burdened with debt, weak and ill through the experiences she had undergone, terrified to let her relatives know of her plight, this woman has found the courage to tell us her story and to place undeniable evidence of its truth in our possession.

Legislation is urgently needed to prohibit "matrimonial" advertisements of every kind, and to require the registration and rigid supervision of "correspondence clubs" and "social circles."

In the meantime, we are glad to note that many of the advertisements of the concerns exposed in these columns have ceased to appear.

THE SCRAPPED SOLDIER

PENSIONS AND PENURY

Burying their Mistakes

TO quibble about the exact moment when a dying man contracted his disease is surely outrageous. That his widow should also suffer thereby is an outrage alike on humanity and justice

JOHN BULL has from time to time drawn attention to the scant justice meted out to old soldiers.

The manner in which our great country endeavours in too many cases to shuffle out of its obligations is worthy of the worst of our insurance companies.

The latest case brought to our notice is of a man who served in South Africa, India and the Great War, and who lay dying of tuberculosis attributable to his service while the authorities quibbled as to his eligibility for a pension.

George Gilbert Wood was the son of a well-known Yorkshire architect who made a fortune, lost it and died in poverty. The son, from his earliest boyhood, was imbued with an ambition to follow a military career.

Shattered dreams

At the age of nineteen, a fine, strapping fellow, he joined the famous 5th Lancers and was posted to India. Subsequently he played the part of a hero in the South African War and won a medal and five clasps.

His boyhood's dreams of world-wide military fame were never to be realised, however, for his health broke down under the rigours of a military life.

The heat of the tropical sun in India and the terrific downpours of the rainy season so played havoc with his once sturdy constitution that he was frequently sent to hospital with ague and other complaints.

He made light of these ailments at the time, but they were, nevertheless, undermining his health to a terrible extent.

He completed his ten years' engagement, was transferred to the Reserve and then looked round for some civilian occupation.

This he secured with the Huddersfield Corporation Tramways and earned a deserved reputation as a good and reliable worker. He remained in this position until the outbreak of war in 1914.

By that time he was married and had two young children, but while many younger single men were hanging back, the old soldier responded to the call of patriotism and joined up with the Royal Fusiliers.

Sad record

At first he was posted to Ireland and suffered many privations during the Dublin rebellion of 1916.

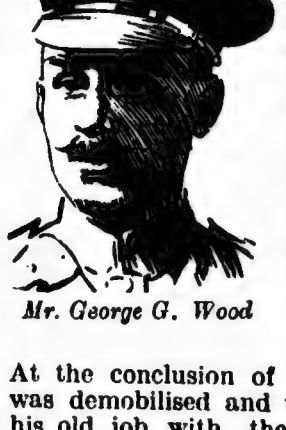
He was exposed to bitter weather conditions and in the course of his duties was frequently soaked to the skin.

As time went on he frequently complained of feeling ill and was told by the doctors that he was suffering from some trivial and temporary malady.

His health went from bad to worse and in the summer of 1916 he was admitted to Dublin Hospital suffering from what the medical officer described as "gastritis."

Making some slight recovery, Wood was despatched to France, where he furnished a testimonial to the doctors who had been attending him by promptly collapsing.

Suffering from dreadful pains in the chest and back, and constantly seized with fits of dizziness and ague, Wood was invalided to England for hospital treatment.



Mr. George G. Wood

He was patched up, but was now judged to be fit only for sedentary work and was attached for a period to the Labour Corps. At the conclusion of hostilities he was demobilised and went back to his old job with the Huddersfield Corporation.

He could not follow his employment with regularity, and after treatment by his own doctor he was admitted to a sanatorium.

The real cause of his ill-health, pulmonary tuberculosis, was now clearly evident, and Wood made application for a pension.

He was medically examined and after an X-ray test was certified as suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, the extent of his disability being adjudged at 100 per cent.

Inhuman haggling

The authorities started quibbling as to when the trouble originated, and although some of the doctors said it was "old standing," came to the conclusion that it originated after Wood had been demobilised.

Their verdict meant nothing to Wood now, for they had been arguing round his death-bed.

To-day his widow is still trying to get a pension. But will she secure it? Even if she obtains one, it will not atone for the grave mishandling of Wood's case.

He was one of many who, having had their health ruined in the Service of the country, had been consigned by highly placed and highly paid officials to the scrap-heap.

Many of their mistakes have, more's the pity, been buried, but there are still scores of living men who are being defrauded of their just rights while the doctors are content to argue as to when their disability started.

It would be far more human and more in keeping with the views of the nations if a few mistakes were made on the side of generosity rather than that one war-broken invalid should be left to his fate.

A BAFFLING RAFFLE

BOOKS OF RICKETY TICKETS

Hospital's Name Abused

CHARITIES deserve support, but methods for raising funds must be genuine. When some schemes are found to be open to suspicion, support is withheld and deserving institutions suffer

BALLOTS, raffles and similar means of raising money for charity, even when under proper supervision, are open to many objections.

When they are carried out without any supervision at all they are an unmitigated nuisance.

The undesirable manner in which this sort of thing can be exploited has just been forcibly illustrated at Tottenham.

Recently there were offered for sale in North London tickets at 2s. 6d. each for a draw supposed to be for the benefit of the Prince of Wales' Hospital at Tottenham.

The prize offered was a six-roomed, freehold, semi-detached villa in Tottenham with vacant possession.

Selling a house

Supposed to be for charity, this scheme amounted to an attempt to sell a house belonging to Mr. W. Hawley, of Vicarage Road, Tottenham. The tickets declared that the draw would be made at the hospital by kind permission of the director.

As a matter of fact, no such permission had been obtained; it had been definitely refused. The result was to be published in the *Daily Mail* and *Tottenham Herald*. Neither of these papers had given permission for its name to be used.

It is not possible to ascertain the number of tickets sold, but no draw has yet taken place and an explanation is certainly due from Mr. Hawley as to what has become of the money.

The result was to have been made known on January 6. On the next day a small advertisement appeared in the *Tottenham Herald*, stating that it had been postponed until February 16, since when there have been no further developments.

The inner history of this "charitable" effort is illuminating. In November Mr. Hawley approached the director of the Prince of Wales' Hospital, and declared that it was his intention to sell his house by means of a ballot.

Rebuff unheeded

He valued the house at £600, and all moneys received above that amount he desired to devote to the funds of the hospital, if in return he could have its patronage.

Such a method of raising funds failed to appeal to the director. He informed his visitor that while the hospital was always grateful for any donations, he could not lend the name of the institution for such a project.

Notwithstanding this rebuff, Hawley proceeded with his little scheme.

Tickets were printed and sold, and contained the following: "This voucher is a receipt for 2s. 6d. subscribed to the Prince of Wales' General Hospital, Tottenham, N.15." As we say, only Mr. Hawley knows how many tickets have been disposed of, but a number which have come into our possession bear numbers of over 11,000.

Mr. Hawley is evidently very businesslike, for having decided to go on, he approached a firm of hosiery manufacturers of Edmonton, and induced it to advertise on the backs of the tickets.

Delayed discovery

As it was a charity effort, the firm, believing it to have the backing of the hospital, also agreed to take a number of books of tickets for sale among its 2,000 employees.

After the tickets had been sold, the secretary of the firm communicated with the Tottenham Hospital and found out that he had been misled.

The secretary wrote to Mr. Hawley, intimating that he would like to see him, as there were some serious matters in connection with the sale of tickets on which he would like to have some explanation. To that letter he received no reply.

He again wrote to Hawley, and this time received in response a letter in which Hawley pleaded that he had been ill and had not been able to give proper attention to the matter. He suggested that in the circumstances a refund had perhaps better be made.

To this the secretary replied that fortunately he had not handed over the proceeds of the sale of tickets among his employees, amounting to about £20. This money had been returned.

Natural shyness

He also pointed out to Hawley that the money paid for the advertisement had not been refunded. Since then the firm has heard nothing from Hawley.

The manager of a Tottenham hotel sold a number of tickets among customers and friends, and when he discovered the truth about the matter secured a refund of the money.

There are a large number, however, who have parted with their half-crowns in good faith.

Have they all received their money back?

Another big draw which is being run for the hospital at Tottenham has, we are assured, suffered very considerably in consequence of Hawley's action, the public naturally being very shy about buying any more tickets for hospital draws.

A detailed balance-sheet is due from Hawley and a distinct undertaking that all the money will be returned.

Otherwise we suggest that this misuse of a charitable object should receive the early attention of the authorities.

STRANGE SUICIDE MYSTERY

GRAVE LAXITY IN BARRACKS

Who is the Culprit?

WHAT is the mystery surrounding the death of Private Frederick Turner of the 2nd Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment in the Halifax Barracks?

While under strict detention he was found shot, and although at the subsequent inquest a verdict of suicide was returned, that by no means disposes of the matter.

How, while under supervision in a military cell, did he become possessed of a rifle and ammunition?

Turner was still young at the conclusion of the war, and becoming tired of the everlasting search for work, he joined up in the winter of 1923.

He was spoken of as generally cheerful, although he was subject to fits of depression.

He had been arrested as a deserter, and early on the morning of March 31 was found shot through the head in a cell adjoining the guard-room at Halifax Barracks.

Corporal Frank Tattersall was in charge of the guard on that particular night. He took over on March 30 at 7.45, his duty finishing at seven next morning.

Sound that shocked

Tattersall declares that he saw Turner in the cell when he took over. Turner was then actually in bed. The cell was kept locked and was visited frequently by the corporal in charge.

Another man, Private Spink, was on duty in the guard-room adjoining the cell from four a.m., and it was his business to keep the prisoner under continual observation.

He heard a shout between five and six a.m. and going to the cell accompanied the imprisoned man to the lavatory in the yard, an opposite direction from the guard-room.

Turner was brought back and again locked up in the cell. The key was then placed in the regulation place in the guard-room.

Shortly after this the sound of a "muffled crack" was heard by the corporal in charge, who immediately went out and ran to the back of the guard-room and had a look round, but could see nothing.

A little later "reveille" sounded. Everybody in barracks has to obey the call of "reveille," prisoners or not. The corporal in charge gave orders to Private Spink to get Turner out and he proceeded to the cell.

Terrible discovery

What he then saw caused him to stagger back and he went to the corporal, but was in such a state of agitation that he was speechless.

The corporal gathered that something was wrong and went to the cell, where he saw Turner huddled up in a corner in a pool of blood.

The corporal at once summoned the medical officer and Regimental Sergeant-Major Harry Matthews. Turner was dead with a bullet through his head.

Propped up against the cell wall was a rifle. How that rifle came to be there has not yet been explained.

Turner, being a deserter, was thoroughly searched before being placed in the cell, and could not very well have a rifle concealed about him. He was seen at intervals for food, exercise, etc., and was supposed to be under continual observation.

The cell door under Army regulations should have been continually locked, and the only time Turner left the cell was when he was taken by Spink to the lavatory. The corporal declares that so far as he knows that was the only time the cell door was opened.

Strict orders

The corporal, however, had other duties to perform. There was, however, someone on duty in the guard-room the whole of the time.

Turner, the shot man, was evidently becoming tired of Army life. He deserted, but found it impossible to obtain any civilian occupation, and after a week or so surrendered to the police at Hull.

There he was handed over to a military escort from Halifax and conveyed back to barracks. The sergeant in charge of the escort then passed his charge over to the sergeant of military police.

After a short stay in the detention-room, Turner was taken to the cell to await court-martial.

The N.C.O. in charge of the military was specially warned by the regimental sergeant-major that as Turner had on a former occasion endeavoured to take his life he must be particularly watched and not allowed to have any instrument with which he could do himself any harm.

While undergoing detention at York on October 22 he cut a tendon of his wrist while shaving.

In these circumstances, the presence of the rifle in the cell is all the more inexplicable. Even when Turner had become possessed of it how did he secure ammunition?

The owner of the rifle, Private Rigby, states that he cleaned the rifle and left it in the guard-room, ten yards from Turner's cell.

It was not loaded when it was put away. No soldier was permitted to obtain ammunition except under the instructions of a training officer.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles H. Harington, G.B.E., K.C.B., Head of the Northern Command at the time the sad calamity occurred

Unexplained mystery

The rifle had been propped up and fired by some means, the bullet passing through Turner's head and lodging in the ceiling. An examination showed it was Army property.

At the inquest the coroner could find no explanation of the rifle mystery, but declared there must have been some collusion between Turner and somebody who handed him the rifle.

There was not sufficient evidence to show, however, how or by whom the rifle was brought upon the scene.

The case calls for a thorough investigation. At the best, amazing laxity has caused a man's death; at the worst, some person has been an accessory to his suicide and should be severely punished.

A Tricky Company

Customers Deceived by a Name

PATRICK JAMES BARRY, trading as the Metropolitan Gas, Light and Stove Company, has for some time been operating from an address at 45, Horseferry Road, Westminster.

It is unfortunate that this should be directly opposite the offices of the Gas, Light and Coke Company.

In 1926, Mr. Justice Russell granted an injunction to the Gas, Light and Coke Company restraining the agents of the other firm from representing themselves as its agents pending the trial of a further action, in which, however, the jury found for the Gas, Light and Stove Company.

Funny affair

Since then this concern has carried on its business of selling various contrivances supposed to effect an economy in the consumption of gas.

Although the first action failed, there was, as we say, something decidedly funny about the affair, a conviction strengthened by the fact that Barry resorted to falsehood in connection with its registration.

In returns required under the Registration of Business Names Act, he filled in the name of Barry, and declared that he had not used any other name previously.

Misleading titles

As a matter of fact, on July 8, 1926, he was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to six months' imprisonment for conspiracy in the name of Strachan, and previous to that had been fined and bound over for fraud in other names.

The Board of Trade viewed his activities with so much concern that in proceedings for making these false statements the prosecution was conducted by Sir Travers Humphreys, and at Bow Street Barry was fined £40 and £10 10s. costs.

There should be some means of preventing reputable firms being inconvenienced by such men operating under colourable imitations of their titles.

Dutch Auction

Astrology Going Cheap!

RANDOLPH ROXROY, self-styled astrologer, of 42, Emmastraat, The Hague, Holland, appears to specialise in falling rather than fixed stars, if one is to judge from his method of charging.

His first communication to potential clients indicates that the ordinary fee for an Extensive Life Reading is 40s., but for a prompt order 20s. would be accepted. Later, a further offer is made at 15s.

Distressed by delay

As one of our readers did not respond, a further epistle arrived, in which it was assumed that the "dear client" was worried over affairs of importance.

The gentleman then offers to give the full benefit of his astrological experience at the "exceptionally low price" of 10s.

Anxiety on behalf of his correspondent increases as time goes on, and Roxroy adds: "I cannot understand why you have neglected to send to me for an Extensive Life Reading. I certainly made you a very liberal price," he continues, "and fully expected your order ere this."

A great secret

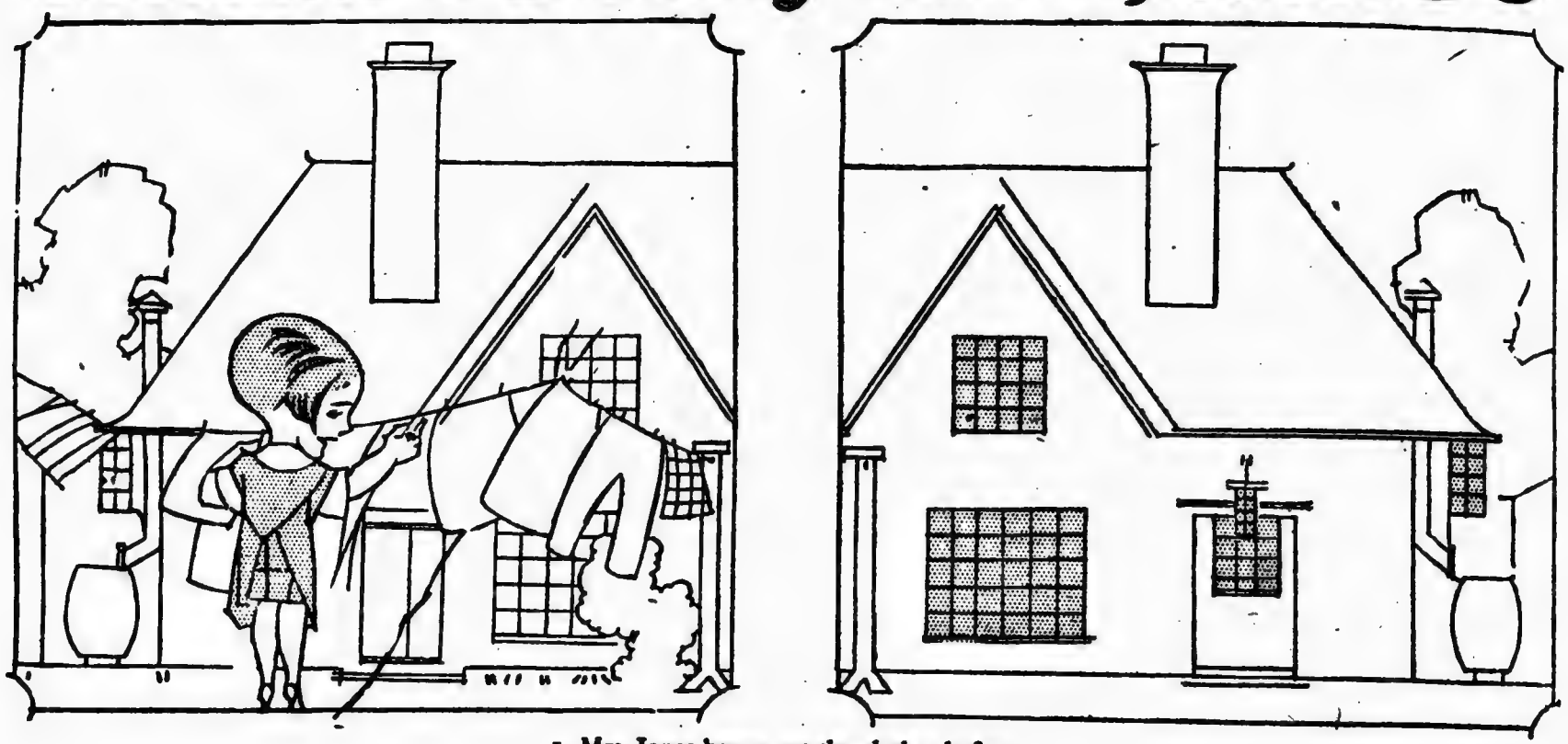
Evidently fearing a shortage of cash, he astutely adds: "I have decided to make you an offer which I trust you will appreciate and take advantage of at once. Send me only 7s. 6d., and I will *ship* your Extensive Life Reading at once."

As the reading, with the correspondence involved, has now become a "shipping order," we are wondering whether it would arrive per steamer or airship.

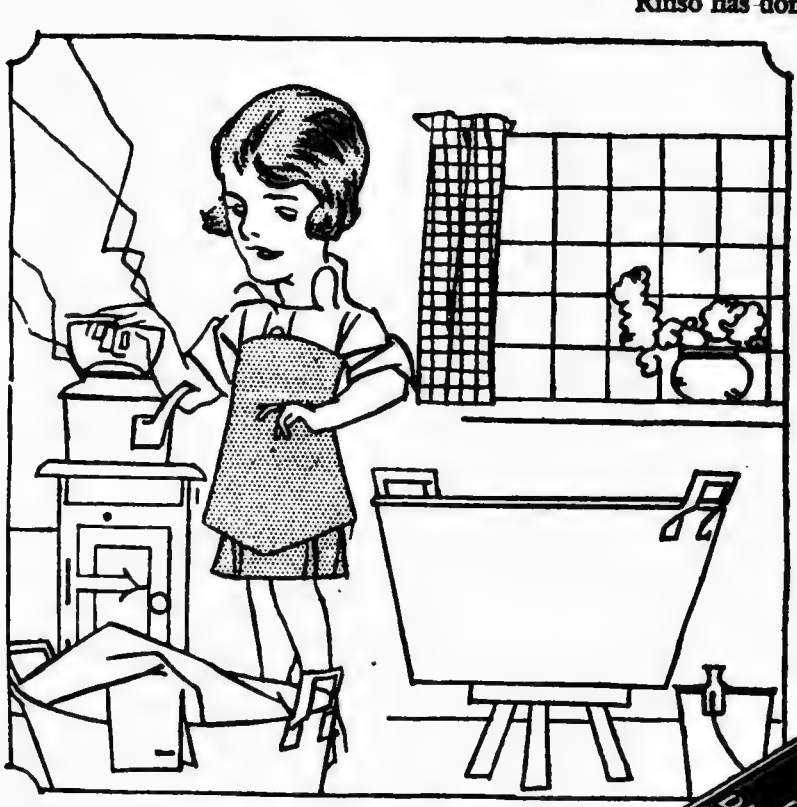
"In accepting this offer," he writes, "please do not mention to others the very low price being made for you."

As it is evident that the whole is printed in imitation typewriting, probably turned off by the hundred, the great secret is ensured a wide circulation.

Britain's washday—*featuring* Rinso

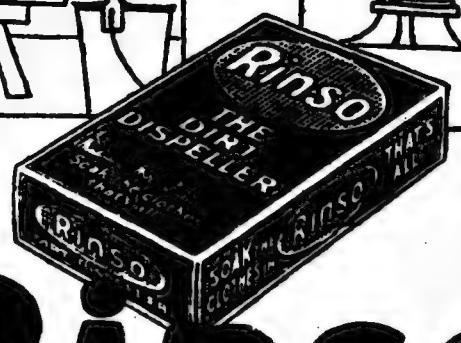


1. Mrs. Jones hangs out the clothes before her neighbours have started washing. Rinso has done the work overnight.



2. Mrs. Brown likes to give the things a bit of a rub, so she does it herself with hot water and Rinso.

3. Mrs. Robinson lights the boiler fire, pops the clothes into boiling water and Rinso, then gets on with cleaning the silver.



Rinso

washes every way

COLD OR HOT OR BOILING

B247-109

B. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH, AND LONDON

BRITISHERS take pride to themselves for their love of justice and mercy. These qualities are shown without distinction to individuals of any nationality.

They are equally no less anxious that these same principles should be extended to the members of the animal kingdom.

Cruelty inflicted in any way is and ever has been repugnant to the Britishers' nature and will certainly never be countenanced in any circumstances whatever.

WATCH YOUR DOG!

by the Rt. Hon. LORD BANBURY OF SOUTHAM

ON Monday, December 13, 1926, the Government in a written answer to Sir Robert Gower stated that during 1925 and 1926 1,147 dogs had been used for experimental purposes at University College, London, and that of this number twenty-one were used for demonstration before students.

Of the 1,147 cases twenty-eight were not kept under anæsthetics during the whole of the experiment.

On the following day, in answer to a further question as to the number of dogs that were not kept under complete anæsthesia in the London area during 1926, it was stated that sixteen dogs had been so dealt with at the University College, London, and five at the Browns Institute.

In November, 1926, a man named Hewett was charged at Bow Street Police Court with stealing two dogs; he had these dogs in a sack and was stopped outside University College.

Magistrate's strong words

After a detective had stated that the prisoner had been supplying dogs to University College School of Physiology for six shillings each, he was sentenced to six months' hard labour for feloniously receiving two Irish terriers valued at £7 and one month's imprisonment for cruelly ill-treating the dogs.

In sentencing the man, Mr. Fry, the magistrate, said:

"You are no doubt a cruel and unscrupulous man and anything I can do to stop this sort of thing I will. I must not say too much because the people who employed you are not here and are not represented.

"Anyone who has heard this case must have a feeling of considerable uneasiness as to what is taking place. I have been told that a dog-stealer is employed by this school to supply them with dogs for physiological experiments.

"I am informed that a number of valuable cats and dogs have been missed from their neighbourhood and a cruel and unscrupulous person is employed to supply animals to this school. That is the evidence.

"It has been often said in these courts that if there were no receivers there would be no thieves.

"At 8 a.m. two valuable pedigree dogs are missed from outside a house. At 9 o'clock they are taken to this school in a sack in circumstances of great cruelty and in twenty-four hours they would have been dead.

"It must raise a feeling of considerable alarm among animal-lovers to find that this has been going on for some time."

An owner's discovery

A few days later a report of a further case of dog-stealing, the dog being taken to University College, was reported in the *Times* of December 2, 1926.

It appears that the dog belonged to a Mr. Smythe and was last seen on his doorstep.

Mr. Smythe went to University College and saw one of the professors, Dr. Verney, who asked him to call again.

He went the next day, saw the Provost, found that his dog was there and took it away.

The man who sold the dog to the school was charged with stealing it and acquitted, he stating that he had bought the dog of a man in the street.

Dr. Verney was summoned for receiving the dog and the summons was dismissed.

Worthless guarantee

Mr. Smythe stated that when he got his dog back it was suffering from a bruise at the base of the skull, and that it was recovering.

After the first of the above cases the college issued an explanation in which it said that the man Hewett had never been an employé of the college; that he was a live-stock dealer from whom it had bought animals' food for some time, and dogs since October 11, 1926, and that his connection with the college was the same as that of any other outside tradesman.

Further, the college stated that it had always taken special precautions to prevent the delivery of stolen dogs by requesting a written guarantee from the seller that the animal had been legitimately obtained.

The latter requirement would not seem to be of much value, as a man who had stolen or received a stolen dog is not likely to give himself away by admitting it or to be scrupulous about signing a paper.

It must not be forgotten that these are not the only cases where dogs have been stolen and found their way to these schools.

In the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* of February 24, 1914, there is the history of a dog that was lost and after some time returned to his home on three legs.

Useless experiments

On examining the lame leg his owner found a scar several inches long, also a new collar with the words "Surgical Department."

A short time after he saw an advertisement of the Surgical Laboratory, New University, offering a reward for the recovery of a dog.

On going there he found that his dog had been operated upon, bones being separated in his leg and a metal plate then inserted and fixed with screws.

After being confined for about five weeks the dog escaped and sped home.

If further evidence is wanted to show that stolen dogs do find their way to these schools, let me quote the evidence given by Mr. Swan before the Royal Commission on Vivisection, 1907.

This gentleman was asked this question: "Is it not a fact that dogs are more expensive than other animals?" and he replied: "You can steal a dog anywhere."

He was then asked: "You do not mean to imply, do you, that the dogs used in physiological laboratories are stolen and not paid for?"

He replied: "I have stolen dogs in my early days."

The answer in the House of Commons shows that at University College School, London, alone, 1,147

The Rt. Hon. Lord Banbury

dogs were used for experiments in the last two years.

Some of these dogs have been stolen and sold to the school for a few shillings, and the animals that had suffered this cruel fate are man's best friends.

It may be said that experiments on dogs are necessary in the interests of mankind, but while some doctors hold this view there are many who do not.

Sir Lambert Ormsby, past-President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, at a public meeting in Dublin in April, 1922, said this:

"Experiments on dogs might now be discontinued. All that could be found out by physiological experiments for application to human beings has long since been discovered and repetitions are unnecessary and cruel."

Dr. Snow, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* of January, 1925, said this: "The dog is wholly useless for purposes of really scientific experiment, whether affecting human beings or its own kind.

"Research with it has not only failed to increase our knowledge, in any single degree, but has led eminent surgeons, to say nothing of observers less practically important, astray very seriously."

Sir William Collins is also opposed to the use of dogs for experiments.

A Bill to support

It has been admitted in the *Lancet* of May 31, 1919, that the results obtained by experiments on dogs could have been equally obtained in other ways.

Dogs, however, can be obtained cheaply. Dr. Chapple in the House of Commons on April 17, 1914, said:

"But even if we examine this question of cheapness we find that the difference is not between 5s. and £5.

"It is not a matter of saving a few shillings, it is a matter of getting animals for experiment at a price which can be paid as compared with a price that cannot be paid.

"It would cost £5 to get a suitable monkey."

I do not believe that people generally are aware that wholesale experiments are being carried out on man's best friend, and now that they know I trust that they will insist on the passing of the Dogs Protection Bill now before the House of Commons.

Headache gone in 5 minutes!

YEAST IS LIFE

AN eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B. *YEAST VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B*

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

THIS Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins and other valuable ingredients. Prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. .. .. in 5 minutes
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CAUTION.—See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless

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OUR GUARANTEE.
Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us and we will refund the money by return of post.

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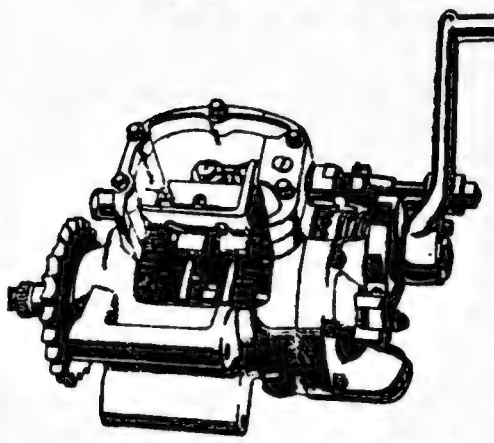
THE NEW GEAR-BOX ON THE 1927 RUDGES



THE NEW 4.99 h.p. Rudge-Four is also fitted with Patent Proportional Coupled Brakes, 4 O H Valves, and Interchangeable Wheels. The 'Standard' model costs £46, the 'Special' £51, and the 80 m.p.h. 'Sports' £56. Electric lighting in all cases £4 extra.

THE STRONGEST GEAR-BOX USED IN THE INDUSTRY

AN EXPERT'S OPINION:—

"YOUR new box interests me very much and I should think it is about the strongest gear-box used in the industry. The layout is excellent and you have succeeded in getting very robust gears into a very compact box. The small diameter gears with their wide teeth of fine pitch should give very quiet running. The surprising thing is that you can fit such a fine gear-box on a popular priced machine."

RUDGE-FOUR

THERE ARE RUDGE AGENTS IN ALL TOWNS, OR YOU CAN WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE DIRECT TO RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD., NO. 10, COVENTRY.

For British Families —"Mendamin" brings Indian Corn— food o' the stalwart!

From the Prairie! *the most delightful Breakfast in the World!*

Post Toasties stay crisp in milk or cream; and the triple wrapping preserves the crispness and delicate nutty flavour.

Post Toasties are Indian Corn transformed. The rich, ripe heart of the grain is cooked and toasted until it becomes golden, crisp, curly flakes of tempting deliciousness. Serve them to the family with sugar and milk—or cream. See how they'll love the "crunchiness"—the nutty flavour of Post Toasties. And you get a great big packet for *ninepence!

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Double Crisp INDIAN CORN FLAKES

STAY CRISP IN MILK OR CREAM

Post Toasties are one of the Post Health Products which include Grape Nuts, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes

Yorkshire Relish

Makes meat taste as it should.
9d. a bottle.

IT has been my experience as a judge that the terrors and horrors of the Great War have not only shattered the physique, but have so upset the mental equilibrium of many of those that underwent them that their sense of moral responsibility has vanished

Criminals I Pity

by His Honour JUDGE ATHERLEY-JONES, K.C.

IT is remarkable to notice in recent times the changed attitude towards the criminal of those whose duty it is to form and control our prison system; the law of sheer retaliation no longer governs our treatment.

It is true, in fact, that the ferocity of our criminal laws has during the past century or more undergone gradual but very sensible mitigation.

Capital punishment is in practice confined to murder; transportation or consignment to the slavery of the galleys is now abolished. No longer is the wayfarer confronted at the cross-roads by the ghastly spectacle of a malefactor's body hanging in chains on a gibbet.

Yet this was done less than one hundred years ago; torture, mutilation and burning carry us back to the Middle Ages. The minor punishments of the pillory, the stocks and the ducking-stool have also gone.

These changes of former times were not due to any benevolent sentiment towards the criminal or any desire to apply more scientific treatment to the prevention of crime, but to the humanising influence of an ever-advancing civilisation.

What science has revealed

But now a new light is dawning upon us. We begin to realise that the criminal is more often the victim of cruel fate than one endowed by nature with a propensity to do evil; and even should his nature be vicious, his redemption from crime is worthy of effort, and is more likely to be attained by humane and sympathetic methods than by a pitiless prison treatment which never ceases to tell him that he is an outcast.

Science has also revealed to us that there is a psychological aspect of crime; that it is often the result of mental disease, not indeed amounting to insanity as defined by our law, but of a character which should consign its victims to the care of the doctor rather than to the jailer.

When we can discover no rational or even plausible motive for committing crimes, we are naturally led to enquiry as to the state of mind of the perpetrator; and in very many instances our investigation has demonstrated that mental disease had rendered the author of the crime incapable of resisting the impulse to commit it.

At certain stages of his disease an epileptic will commit acts from the contemplation of which in a normal state he would shrink with horror.

Kleptomania, notwithstanding the gibes of the ill-informed, is a very real disease; and another type of crime of a repulsive character is often the offspring of uncontrollable impulses which no punishment can restrain from recurrence.

War's victims

That the war has upset the mental equilibrium of many has been testified by high medical authority, and during the war the military authorities appointed psychical experts to investigate the physical condition of men who committed serious offences while serving at the front.

The doctrine of insanity as applied by our courts to relieve an accused person from criminal liability is that at the time he committed the offence he did not know that he was committing a wrong act.

If he can establish this as a fact, instead of being hanged or sent to jail, he is committed to a criminal lunatic asylum, there to remain at the King's pleasure. It is hardly necessary to point out that insanity as a defence is rarely raised in other than capital cases.

This legal doctrine is in conflict with medical authority, but as Dr. Hamblin Smith, the medical officer of Birmingham Prison, points out: "There are abnormal mental conditions not recognised by the law which are potent factors in the production of crime."

It cannot be doubted that our prisons confine many persons whom medical authority would declare ought to be treated as patients in need of medical care, and not as criminals to be punished by incarceration.

Disastrous alternatives

To some extent the law has recognised that persons suffering from mental disease, falling short of actual insanity, may be relieved from criminal responsibility.

This has been effected by the Mental Defectives Act, which provides that in the case of a person committing a crime, if he was mentally defective from birth or from an early age, he shall be relieved from criminal responsibility and be sent to a home for mental defectives.

There is, however, no good reason why these limitations of age should be imposed. If it can be proved by medical evidence that at the time he committed the misdeed he was mentally defective within the meaning of the Act, whatever might be his age, the jail should not be his fate.

At the present time the courts have no suitable means of dealing with these unhappy creatures whose crimes are the consequence of mental disease, and to whom our legal doctrine of insanity does not apply. They must either commit them to jail or set them at large, unless they be of that age which admits them to a reformatory or a Borstal institution.

It is a crime to commit to jail a wrongdoer whose will-power is vitiated by disease, whose act is determined, not by the free exercise of will based upon reason, but under the malign influence of a malady the power of which he is unable to resist.

Is crime a disease?

There are some who hold that all crime is a disease. In a certain state that may be true, for reason is the basis of ethics and of laws, and moral delinquency is not compatible with reason.

This, at least as a general proposition, is true; but whenever the will of man is free—that is, undominated by disease—the fact that his act is incompatible with reason does not relieve him from responsibility.

To hold otherwise would be to shake the root of human society, for if crime should be indiscriminately treated as a disease it would be a crime to punish the criminal, and crime would cease to be a reproach.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that there are abnormal mental conditions of which our law takes no cognisance.

These conditions should be the subject of careful expert investigation, and the sufferer should be treated not as a criminal, but as a patient in institutions provided for that purpose. At present, in the absence of legislation, the judges and magistrates are powerless.

There are to be found in all ranks of society individuals possessed of a strange perversity to do evil. We speak of them as wastrels, as mental degenerates or as lacking any sense of moral responsibility. They are indeed capable of distinguishing between right and wrong doing; many of them are eager to criticise and condemn turpitude in others.

Judge Atherley-Jones, K.C.

They are gifted with a sense of self-righteousness, which causes them to despise any exhortations from those who seek to turn them into the path of honesty, truth and industry.

In what category are we to place individuals of this type?

Resistless impulse

They are not insane, neither idiots nor maniacs; but they are undoubtedly abnormal. A distinguished medical expert described them to me as afflicted by what he termed a lesion of the brain. It may be so, but they are undoubtedly not amenable to the discipline of punishment or apparently to moral suasion.

Dr. Hamblin Smith, the medical officer of Birmingham Prison, who has given great attention to the psychological aspect of crime, has dealt in great detail in an article published in pamphlet form with that painful and repulsive type of crime, in the perpetration of which a person yields to his animal passions, and demonstrates that in a considerable number of these cases the offender is mentally incapable of resisting the impulse which dominates his will-power.

I may mention one among several instances confirmatory of his views which have come before me in my judicial capacity.

A man, in all other respects than the offence for which he was indicted before me, married, and the father of a family and most happy in his domestic relations, was repeatedly guilty of this repulsive offence; he had been repeatedly punished for it by imprisonment.

Hospital or prison?

The medical evidence placed it beyond doubt that impulse beyond will-control was the causative factor of his crime; that while in the ordinary affairs of life he was perfectly normal, he was, in committing this offence, the victim of mania.

The legal definition of insanity precluded that defence from being effective, and I therefore had no other alternative than to commit him to prison or let him out on his recognisances, with the inevitable result in the latter case that when the mania recurred he would repeat the offence.

Obviously I adopted the former course, though I recognised that common sense and the dictates of humanity pointed to the hospital rather than the prison as the proper destination.

Offences of this abnormal type afford probably the most convincing and numerous instances of mental incapacity in the class of criminal delinquencies; but in all or nearly all other types of crime similar phenomena are presented.

Some day we shall realise that in cases like these a doctor and a hospital, and not a prison cell, are the correct remedy.

Off to the Cinema To-night?

Then treat yourself to a little extra pleasure—Buy a packet of Manikins (10d. for 5)

Two of them will last the evening —Two delightful little cigars—A real smoke change—A new and joyful experience—And at the same time a note of distinction—A smoke that will lift you out of the rut of Every Day Life, for a cigar is a cigar, and no other smoke is so good as a Manikin.

Manikins are *good* and *not expensive* because they are made from the little ripe leaves at the top of the plant—too small for usual sized cigars.

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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

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Manufacturers of Cigars
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EVERYONE must admit that temperamentally MEN and WOMEN are as the poles apart. Temperament is only the outward visible expression of Nerve Force.

It is the plainest common sense, therefore, that nervous organizations, radically different as they are in MEN and WOMEN, require essentially different nerve elements of energy.

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NONN is not only for those who suffer from Nerves.

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If you are interested in nervous troubles, or wish to know the significant note your nervous system plays in life, write to us for our book "New Light on your Mysterious Nerves," which will be forwarded to you free on application.

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Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—It is a pity you have not acceded to the request of the General Council of the National Industrial Alliance to postpone the Trade Union Bill. You are anxious that neither industrial peace nor trade revival shall be hampered. I can assure you that nothing will more surely precipitate disaster in both these directions than the rushing through of this provocative measure into law. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—You are carefully considering whether it will not be your duty to insist upon the provision of a "safety first" officer in all factories employing a certain number of men. I can tell you your duty more clearly than that. It is to introduce at once a Bill in complete revision of the existing Factory Acts. Such a measure is long overdue. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. the MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G., Arlington Street, S.W.

MY LORD,—England in the past was full of cheerful, happy villages, and this you want to bring about again. You cannot do it with merely making a few dances and other aids to social life. To make a new Merrie England the people must have access to the land and those who work on the land must have ample reward for their toil. This can never come about under the existing land laws. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. INGLEBY ODDIE, Coroner, Lambeth.

DEAR SIR,—At the inquest upon Joseph Alexandra Pikeman, a forty-eight-year-old cinema attendant, who remained at work while suffering from double pneumonia, you observed that it revealed an amazing example of British pluck, Pikeman being an ex-soldier with a fine record. But it also showed a good deal of British stupidity. A man with double pneumonia should, instead of staying at work, go to bed and be medically attended. JOHN BULL.

To Capt. GERALD LOWRY, British College of Osteopathy.

GALLANT SIR,—Blinded in the early days of the war, you did not waste one moment in repining, but set to work to study your profession, by means of which you have not only earned a livelihood, but have conferred inestimable benefits on suffering humanity. Your wonderful manipulative skill is at the service of the poor as well as the rich, and the former have recently voiced their gratitude through the medium of the British Legion. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. S. H. LEVERETT, Director, Portsmouth Football Club.

DEAR SIR,—For thirty years you have been in charge of the diving staff at Portsmouth dockyard, and it was you who patched up Admiral Beatty's *Lion* after Dogger Bank so that she could be got into dock. In addition, you received the thanks of the Admiralty for saving 125 lives when the *Empress Queen* was torpedoed. Though the services of such as you are hardly dispensed with, none can begrudge you your well-earned retirement. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. H. WISHART, Presbyterian Minister, Liverpool.

REV. SIR,—Hearing a suspicious noise in the house of a neighbour who chanced to be holiday making, you proceeded to investigate, and when you arrived on the scene many articles were packed for removal. The burglar, Patrick Collins, jumped into the garden. You followed, and broke a good thick ash stick over the fellow's shoulders before handing him over to the police. I admire you no less as a parson because you are so much of a man. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. WESTBURY PRESTON, Master of the Carpenters' Company.

DEAR SIR,—I agree that before the war we had in practice a very sound principle that out-relief should not be given to able-bodied men. Since the war that principle has, perforce, been relaxed, and though, as a lawyer, you deem it illegal, you cannot forget that thousands of the men now in receipt of such relief gave their all for their country during the war, and coming back penniless found their jobs vanished. Until there is work to go to we cannot see men, women and children starve. Provide the work and then talk of refusing relief to able-bodied men. JOHN BULL.

To P.-C.s SMITH, EDGINTON and FURNESS, Marylebone Police Court.

GENTLEMEN,—It is, as was remarked the other day, a brave act to save a person from the water, but it is braver still to enter a fiercely burning building. Yet this you all three did when a man, wife and two children were trapped in a burning shop in Portobello Road last December. Moreover, so modest were you, merely taking the matter as part of your everyday duties, that but for a grateful letter from the people you saved, no notice would have been taken of your services. You uphold the best traditions of the police force for heroism, and no one can say more than that. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. HUGH DALTON, M.P., Carlisle Mansions, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Owing to your wise intervention, a man without a country has been liberated from Brixton Prison. His name is Russo, and he was born in France of Italian parents. When quite a child he was brought to this country, and served in the British Army during the war. For assaulting a police officer he was sentenced to three months and recommended for deportation, but neither France nor Italy would acknowledge him as a citizen. Consequently he was kept in jail for two weeks after serving his sentence, and but for you might have remained there indefinitely. Thank you for righting this wrong. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. JANE DAFFERN, Bedworth, Warwickshire.

DEAR MADAM,—At the age of 102, you live alone, and regularly prepare your morning meal. Your wonderful vitality is a rebuke to those who must have a maid to hand them the salt, while at the same time it is an encouragement to all who believe that Britain still breeds a sturdy race. I trust I shall hear of you for many years to come, and that the report will still be "Hale and hearty." JOHN BULL.

To Miss EDITH JOHNSON, Derby.

MADEMOISELLE,—As daughter of a trade union secretary, you have enjoyed no special educational facilities, but only those on your own doorstep, so to speak. Nevertheless, as a student at the local school of art, you have shown your exceptional talent and practised with dogged perseverance. The result is shown in your having obtained what is usually the peak of an artist's ambition, a place for your work in the Royal Academy, and that for the third time. As you have only reached the ripe age of twenty-three, I prophesy a brilliant future. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. AMERY:—"The whole security of the British Empire rests on the Navy."

The security of the British Empire rests on the good will of peoples; no other sort of security is possible.

* * *

MR. C. F. LOWENTHAL, K.C.:—"I do not like to be the first to send young men to prison and embroil them in the consequences."

A sound objection, which, generally followed, might revolutionise criminal law.

* * *

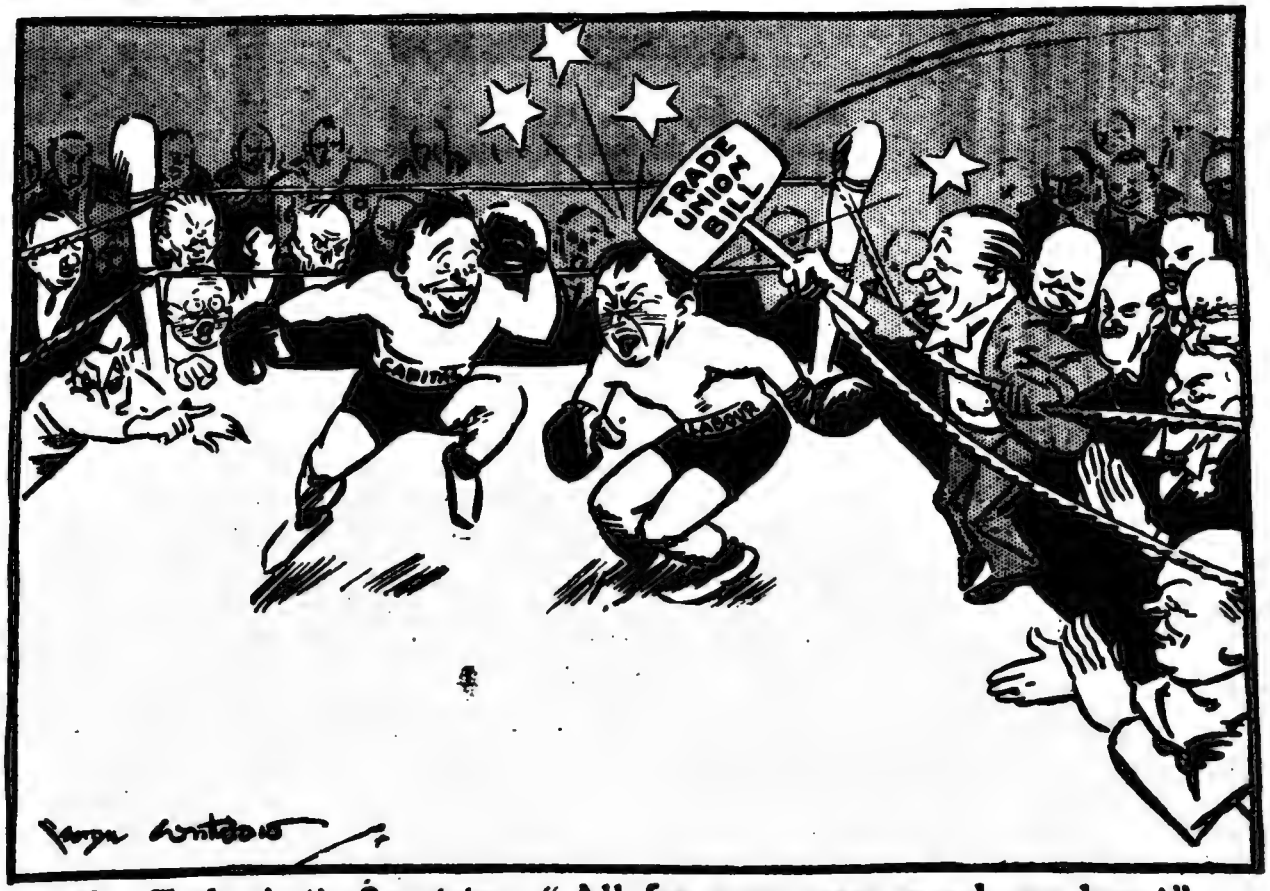
REV. J. B. MIDDLEBROOK:—"There is far too little community thinking."

On the contrary, far too few dare to think independently of the mob.

* * *

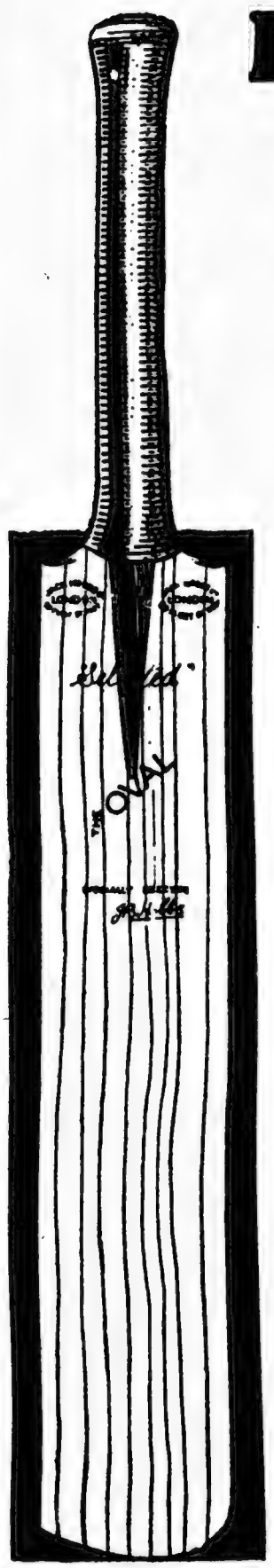
DEAN INGE:—"We have got over the superstition that things printed are necessarily true."

Or that things said in public are necessarily wise.



Too-Enthusiastic Spectator: "All for your own good, me boy!"

JACK HOBBS' BATS FREE!



500 Bats, specially selected by Jack Hobbs, each one bearing his personal signature written in ink in his own hand, free and post free to you in exchange for 250 coupons from packets of 20 B.D.V. Cigarettes, or 500 coupons from packets of 10 B.D.V. Cigarettes.

These Bats are made from specially selected Willow—and it is in this selection that experience is so necessary. There is no greater judge than the famous batsman. The handles are of finest cane and each Bat is beautifully balanced.

Get one of these century makers

Simply collect the Coupons found (generally in the back) of every packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes.

FOR BOYS	FOR MEN
Sizes 4, 5, 6 & 7	Full Size

Ask your friends in the office, factory or workshops to save their B.D.V. coupons for you. Be a Century Maker this summer.

B.D.V

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"Just like hand made."

10 for 6d. Plain or Cork Tips. 20 for 11½d

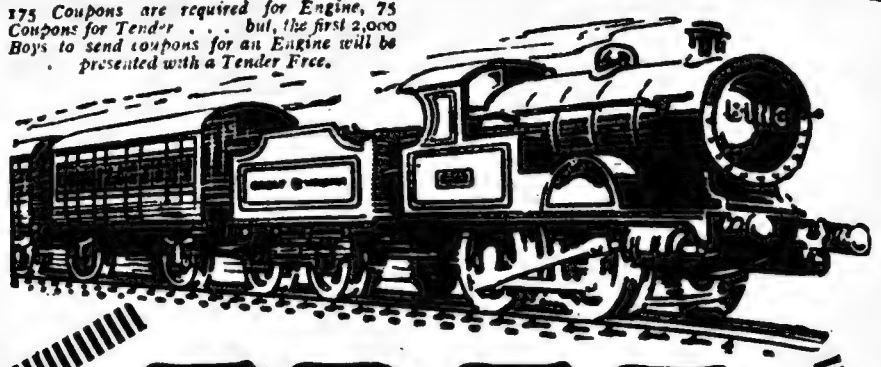
When you have sufficient number of coupons, post, giving size of bat required, to

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD. (Gift Dept. 70)
54, White Lion Street, LONDON, E.1.

Cut this out and keep for reference. . .

C1 B3.G.3.

175 Coupons are required for Engine, 75 Coupons for Tender . . . but, the first 2,000 Boys to send coupons for an Engine will be presented with a Tender Free.



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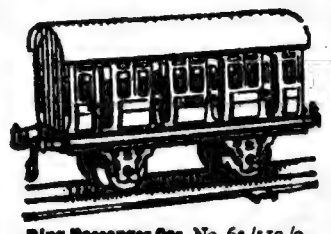
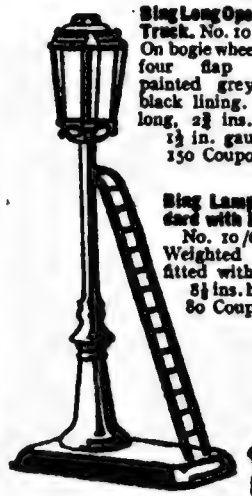


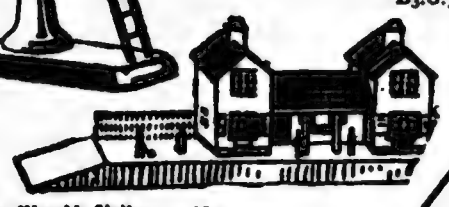
Bing Passenger Car. No. 62/110/0. All doors to open, 6⅜ ins. long. 3½ ins. high, 1¾ in. Gauge. 90 Coupons.

Bing Signal Box. No. 60/630. With steps, signal and candle holder. Base 5⅛ ins. by 4 ins. Height to roof 5 ins. 114 Coupons.

Bing Long Open Goods Truck. No. 10/547/0. On bogie wheels, with four flap doors, painted grey with black lining. 9⅜ ins. long, 2⅜ ins. high, 1¾ in. gauge. 150 Coupons.



Bing Lamp Standard with Ladder. No. 10/641. Weighted and fitted with wick. 8⅛ ins. high. 80 Coupons.



Bing Wayside Station. No. 60/61. With advertisements and candle holder for lighting up. 21½ ins. long, 6¾ ins. high. 210 Coupons.

In addition to the trains, there is available under the B.D.V. Gift Scheme every possible accessory necessary to the building up of a complete railway.

Simply collect the coupons found (generally in the back) of every packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes, hold the coupons until you have the required number for the engine, truck, bridge, etc., and then send them in, when your free gift will be immediately forwarded to you, post or carriage paid, to your door.

Get all your smoker friends to help you. The more coupons you collect the sooner you can begin getting the free gifts.

Bassett-Lowke Scale Model Railways in addition, are also available under this gift scheme, and are illustrated in the Gift Book with full details, and number of coupons required.

Full particulars are given in the B.D.V. Gift Book, which will be sent you free. The Gift Book will itself be a joy to you, and contains a voucher worth five coupons. It is beautifully illustrated in colours, and shows all the parts necessary, together with the number of coupons required for each article. Send for it now!

Just write your name and address on a postcard (1d. stamp necessary) or use the coupon below which may be sent in an unsealed envelope, Postage ½d., and post to the address on the coupon.

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To GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., (Gift Dept. 70), 54, White Lion St., London, E. 1

Please send me the B.D.V. Gift Book worth 5 coupons.

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Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

AN EXPENSIVE NUISANCE

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY

Damming the Flowing Tide

THE League of Nations has never undertaken a more important work than the Economic Conference now in session at Geneva.

Not only is the world busily engaged in exploring ways and means of destroying the ridiculous barriers which at present prevent men who wish to trade with one another freely from so doing, but for the first time in the history of the League Russia is taking part in its deliberations.

Lord Inchcape, who is as well qualified as any man to speak with authority on the A B C of international trade, wholeheartedly endorses the remark of a famous New York banker who said the other day: "To treat trade as a form of war is an economic folly."

The whole fallacy of tariff wars and trade barriers and the thousand and one irritating complexities that prevent men from trading freely with one another has never been more tersely or more forcibly expressed.

It is one of the astounding phases of human nature that experience appears to teach us little or nothing, and that we do our best to resist the lessons of history until they are forced on us by most painful processes.

THE war showed us, or should have shown us, that the world is no longer composed of isolated units, each one of which can do what it likes, irrespective of the rest.

It showed us only too clearly that to-day no nation can be disturbed without the rest being disturbed with it.

Yet no sooner do we stop the war of guns and battleships than we plunge straightway into an equally futile war of tariffs and trade barriers and customs.

We should none of us find life easy, even if it were possible, were we not able to go to what shop we chose, buy what we chose, and stock our larders and our cellars from whatever merchant satisfied us best.

We see it in the individual, but we seem quite incapable of seeing it when it becomes a question of the nation at large. Yet in effect we permit the Government to say to the manufacturers: "You shall not buy your goods from this country because there are many political reasons why you should not. You must buy them from that country whose politics are more in accord with our own."

Apart from the fallacy of treating trade as war, it is equally fallacious to treat trade as politics. It is not so long since all the clearest thinking industrialists, financiers and traders signed what has become known as the Bankers' Manifesto in which they not only decried the futility and insanity of tariff wars, but warned this country in the gravest possible terms of the significance of perpetuating this folly.

WE would not say that their warning has fallen upon deaf ears, since to some extent the Economic Conference at Geneva is undoubtedly the fruit of this warning and the repeated similar warnings that led to it.

It did not, however, cut much ice with the politicians, who are quite incapable of seeing that, so far as trade is concerned, they are a distinct superfluity, acting not as oil but as grit in the machine.

The trouble is that the politician is never capable of thinking of himself in any other light than of supreme importance, no matter at what point he presumes to meddle in the nation's life.

Some day it will dawn on us that the professional politician can, if allowed to play his tricks unchecked, be about the most expensive nuisance that a nation is called upon to suffer.

For remember that it is the politician and not the trader who persists in the economic folly of treating trade as a form of war.

Lord Inchcape, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., whose experience of trade is world-wide, and who condemns wholeheartedly the folly of treating trade as a form of war

SOWING THE WIND

Criminals in the Making

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has lately been loudly proclaiming the fact that at last the housing shortage has been met.

Certainly, in the last year or two a good many houses have gone up. Thousands of them now stand outside big cities, pleasant domiciles in green surroundings, to be bought—at a price.

Only a favoured few are able to buy such homes outright. The majority, who are able to lay down a lump sum, complete their purchase by instalments, crippling themselves for long years in the process.

Up and down the country corporations are taking the matter in hand, and by slow degrees erecting a few houses to let, and although the rents are well-nigh prohibitive, wherever a few houses go up there is always a waiting list of many hundreds.

THIS, apparently, is what the Ministry of Health considers "meeting the need." It is, of course, the official view.

As an offset to this smug complacency we set the human side, and more especially where it touches the life of the coming generation.

We prefer to take the opinion of those who really know what present-day conditions are. These met the other day in the Annual Conference of the National Federation of Christian Workers among Poor Children.

These men and women, working day by day in the mean streets of great cities, tell a different tale. They know that the need for decent houses for the poor is not being met.

Mr. T. R. Ackroyd, of Manchester, put his finger on the plague spot when he stated that parents are now leaving the upbringing of their children very largely to the teacher, the preacher and the State.

But it is Hobson's choice. Home life is decadent because overcrowding drives the young into the streets. Boys get swept up into gangs and rove about in search of mischief and adventure; and girls drift about to trouble and dishonour.

CLOSELY allied with this lack of home life is the prevalence of juvenile unemployment, the 30,000 boys and 30,600 girls on the registers of the employment exchanges who, forced from school at the age of fourteen, are tramping our streets under no sort of control.

The wonder is, not that so many of these disinherited youngsters reach the police courts, but that any of them escape. Boys and girls, fresh from school, with no work to go to, may escape contamination if they have a home. With that refuge denied they are in parlous plight.

The housing shortage for such as these has not been met. Until it has we are sowing the wind, and one day, unless we wake up, in a manufactured criminal population the country will reap the whirlwind.

KIPPERS!

JOHN BULL was constrained to ask not long ago, with reference to the high cost of things with fins on, why it was that herrings didn't blush. And now we find that all the time they do. Herrings, at least the kippers of that ilk, blush like flappers who look upon the rouge when it is red.

It all came out in the wash one day at question time in Parliament. The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries admitted that it was the practice of some curers to use dyes to "improve the appearance" of the more anæmic among kippers.

Nobody laughed; nobody cried. Mr. Womersley from Grimsby just got up and pointed out that the dye was only a vegetable dye and not injurious to health.

But is that really the point? Does it not appear to be more a moral than a medical question? Is it right, is it proper, is it modest, for kippers to use cosmetics? We don't think it is.

At the same time, it must be admitted that, since competition is the life of trade, it may give a fillip to a languishing industry. There has been nothing new in the food-faking line for such a long time.

The man who invented that machine for making wooden raspberry seeds for mangel-wurzel jam is a back number. So is the genius who first thought of putting dead bees into honey which was never near a hive.

But there's a revival ahead. After the rouge-pot for herrings, we have now a right to expect lipstick for beefsteaks, face-cream for tripe, false beards for oysters and celluloid duck eggs.

Perhaps we've got them already? We shouldn't be surprised. If the faithful kipper lets us down, what can we trust?

The Pits of Death

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THERE is no other occupation quite like the miner's. He goes in daily danger of his life and the shadow of death hangs day and night over his home. Let the country remember that when next the miner asks for justice

The Rt. Hon. Stephen Walsh, M.P., who knows more about the mines than any man living

NOTHING shows better the state of political apathy into which this country has sunk than its complete indifference to the problem of the mines.

We pride ourselves on being a democracy and we fondly believe that we have achieved the very difficult task of governing ourselves.

What we have really achieved is the very stupid habit of handing our destinies over to a handful of not very intelligent men, and allowing them to do exactly as they will.

Because these not very intelligent men imposed a very unsatisfactory settlement of the coal lock-out we have, as usual, assumed that everything in the garden is now lovely and that no more need be said, still less thought, about the matter.

Ignorance not bliss

One day, unless we are careful, we shall wake up with a violent start, for if one thing is more certain than another in this very uncertain world, it is that the mining industry is moving steadily and ever more swiftly to another crisis that will be far worse than the last.

There are not many people in this country who have ever seen a coal-mine, still fewer have ever been down a pit.

There are hardly any outside those actually engaged in the industry who have the slightest idea of the conditions under which the men have to work or the quite extraordinary risks they have to run as part of their daily life.

As usual, because people do not know they are not interested. It is time the country was shaken out of its apathy and made to realise what is happening.

When, in the teeth of the recommendations of his own Commission, the Prime Minister enforced the Eight Hours Act, he was told by those who were in a position to know that it would lead to more accidents in the mines.

It was vigorously denied that this would be so. But facts are facts, and they have a habit of being stubborn things.

Startling facts

In the first three months of 1926, when the miners were working seven hours, there were 306 deaths and 1,214 people were seriously injured through accidents in the mines.

In the first three months of this year, when the miners were working eight hours, there were 324 miners killed and 1,291 seriously injured.

And bad as these figures are, the real position is even worse, for during these three months there were 100,000 miners less employed than in 1926.

In a vague sort of way most people realise that mining is a risky job. There are, of course, other risky jobs. Deaths are not uncommon in shipping. Even dock workers have been killed or seriously injured. In factories, quarries and railways, accidents are by no means uncommon.

In 1923, to take a year at random, there were 177,041 non-fatal accidents in the mines, while shipping accounted only for 1,791.

Take any year you like and, roughly speaking, accidents in the mines are eight times as many as in shipping, twice as many as on the docks, and five times more numerous than accidents in factories, docks, quarries and railways taken together.

This represents a terrible toll of human life, an appalling wastage of men that is not at all adequately represented by cold figures.

For do not forget that every time a miner is killed there is left, as a rule, a woman and her children to struggle through the rest of life as best she may, without even the meagre support that her man's brawn and muscle brought home to her week by week.

What a reward!

I say meagre with some justification. After all, there is no better test of what a miner earns than his pay ticket at the end of the week, and a London newspaper has just published such a pay ticket.

This particular miner was only able to work two shifts in the week, and his earnings, after deductions, were 10s. 11d.!

Only one man, I grant you, but you will find him by thousands in almost every coalfield in the country.

Nobody with a grain of honesty can say that this, or twice, or three times, or even four times this amount is an adequate reward for the horrible toil and terrible risks taken by the men who hew out of the bowels of the earth the very life blood of Britain's industries.

If we believed all we were told we should believe that so far as safety and regard for health are concerned, nothing more can be done to our coalfields.

There is a painful disease of the eyes that afflicts miners known as "nystagmus." The chief cause of the disease is insufficient illumination. It is serious not only to the miner but to the country, since it completely incapacitates the miner and renders him incapable of work until he is cured.

As long ago as 1922 the Committee of the Medical Research Council reported that this disease could by degrees be entirely prevented if the standard of lighting was improved. Surely something could have been done.

Worse than war!

How far we have progressed can easily be shown when we realise that in 1913 there were 4,550 cases.

In 1923 the number had grown to 11,142, and in 1925 it had increased to 11,334. Yet we are supposed to believe that everything possible is being done to reorganise and modernise the mines!

Mr. Stephen Walsh, speaking in the House of Commons a few days ago, said: "Every year in the mines at least one out of every six is injured, more or less seriously. Roughly, 200,000 people are injured every year, or one in six, by accidents necessitating absence from work for a week or more, many of them for months and years.

"With every year that goes over our heads with mathematical precision more than a thousand men are killed."

These are figures so terrible that no added words could emphasise their significance.

It is common knowledge outside the fairyland of politics that, sooner or later, the men over whose homes hangs this daily and hourly dread are going once more to ask the country for justice and a square deal.

Now is the time that we should be thinking, and thinking very carefully, what our answer to them is going to be.

A Dead C

The depth of woman's love is unfathomable. Forgiveness for the basest treatment survives. Just reparation is the well-earned reward

IT was a strange story that Miss Winifred Edgely told me. She had telephoned the day before, asking for an appointment, and when she came into my room I saw a tall, refined and fashionably dressed girl, apparently in the early twenties.

Mr. Philip Inman

"I have come to ask you a favour," she commenced. "I want to know if you will lend me Miss Garnier's keys." For a moment I was taken aback. "Miss Garnier's keys?" I repeated. "I don't understand." "I thought you would remember her," she said. "But probably you would know her better under the name of Mrs. Bristow." As soon as she mentioned that name I did remember. Mrs. Bristow had come into the hospital for an operation, but before it could be performed her condition became worse, and she died suddenly. Every attempt to trace her relatives had proved fruitless, and the possessions which she brought with her into the hospital had, up to now, remained unclaimed.

WHEN I enquired what right my visitor had to Mrs. Bristow's keys she replied frankly, "No right at all. I am no relation of hers. In fact, I never saw her in my life." "Then why have you come?" I enquired, and then I listened to this strange drama.

"Yesterday morning," she started, "I had a letter from Mr. Frank Williams." "Yes," I said. "I know something of him." The "something" I knew was this. Amongst Mrs. Bristow's personal possessions were a number of letters written to her from Mr. Frank Williams, and his address was one of His Majesty's prisons.

A shadow came into my visitor's eyes, and her voice lost its confident ring as she continued. "I little thought you would know about him. Well, it doesn't matter so much. I will be frank with you and tell you the position. My home is at Bristol, and Frank Williams lives there, too. For over a year we were engaged, and then he had a good position offered to him in London. He

The Paper Padlock

by A. G. GARDINER

IT is not the habit of Britishers to wear the white sheet and proclaim their penitence; neither is it their habit to refuse to listen to facts or the lessons of common-sense. To introduce the Trade Unions Bill, therefore, was a tragic blunder

THE storm cone is up at Westminster and the Government has embarked on the roughest seas it has yet encountered. I daresay Mr. Baldwin will get into port all right, but so far as his prayer for "Peace in our time" is concerned his latest adventure is unhelpful.

If I have doubts about the wisdom of the adventure it is not because I do not agree with the objects of the Trade Unions Bill. They are just objects and necessary objects.

I do not think any reasonable Labour man would deny this, and so far as the general public are concerned they would be unanimous in support of the four axioms on which Sir Douglas Hogg bases his Bill:

(1) That a general strike is illegal, and that no one should suffer for refusing to take part in it;

(2) That intimidation is illegal, and that no person should be coerced to work or not to work;

(3) That no contribution to a political fund should be compulsory;

(4) That Civil servants owe an undivided allegiance to the State.

These axioms are indisputable if society is to hang together. They were challenged last year more deliberately and more alarmingly than ever before in history. If Mr. Cook's policy had succeeded he would have accomplished a revolution.

Westminster or Eccleston Square?

He would have made Parliament subordinate to a trade union executive in Eccleston Square, and have put the community under the heel of a terrorism as complete and cruel as that which exists in Russia.

In view of all this it cannot be suggested that the Government has acted without grave occasion, and to accuse it of engaging provocatively in "a class war" is a charge that cannot be sustained.

But in spite of this I doubt the wisdom of Sir Douglas Hogg's Bill. I doubt, first, whether the proposed new law will strengthen the position of the community in dealing with a situation like that which arose last year.

The Astbury judgment has declared a general strike to be illegal under the existing law. If that is so, and it has not been challenged, there seems no ground for further legislation.

Moreover, assuming a situation like that of last year, it is doubtful whether any legislation would prevent like action. If there is a will to strike sympathetically or against the community for political ends, men will not be prevented from doing so by legal restrictions.

Industry's greatest hindrance

Nor is it likely that in operation the new law against intimidation—one of the worst drawn features of the Bill, by the way—will be more effective than the old.

In the last resort, the prevention of intimidation will rest in the future as in the past on the police or the military, and, on the whole, the experience of last year showed that the resources were effective for preserving the peace.

But there is an objection of another and more weighty character than any question of legality.

In the article I wrote in these columns two or three weeks ago, on the things which are threatening our commercial supremacy, I said I would return to the subject and deal with the greatest hindrance of all, our industrial relationships.

Now, in regard to this great matter the introduction of the Bill, however justified by the facts, is a misfortune. No one can doubt that the thing which has been chiefly wrong with this country for a long time has been the temper in industry.

There has been a widespread spirit of unrest, and a certain section of the extremists of the Labour Party has exploited this spirit for frankly political and revolutionary purposes.

I have never believed, and do not believe now, that either the responsible leaders of Labour, or the mass of the Labour Party itself, are revolutionary or desire a catastrophe; but they have been manœuvred into a half-hearted support of the revolutionary aims by the Cooks and Wheatleys of the Party.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Douglas Hogg, K.C., M.P., who moved the second reading of the Trade Unions Bill

The events of last year brought the issue to the test. The moderate forces of Labour were stampeded, and Cook got his chance of trying a Lenin coup in this country.

Never again!

It was agony to the MacDonalds, Snowdens and Thomases who want Parliamentary reform, and hate and fear the policy of violent overthrow; but they were unable to resist the tidal wave of events, and were dragged into the maelstrom at the tail of Mr. Cook.

The result was what they expected and, I fancy, what they desired. The country has had to pay a terrific price for the experiment, and no element has had to pay more heavily than Labour.

But the victory of the nation was overwhelming, crushing, I believe final. "We shall hear nothing more of the general strike," was Mr. MacDonald's own verdict, and I think it was a true verdict. I think it was true because the struggle showed that the nation is more powerful than any sectional conspiracy that can be organised against its life.

It showed that the machine of modern life is so elastic that the people can improvise the means of existence in the face of the withdrawal of all the normal sources of supply. It was a warning to our revolutionaries that their game is up.

But the most important result to be anticipated was the effect of the episode on the mind of Labour. I am sure that it did not share the aims of Mr. Cook and the Communists, but it had been drawn by ideas of mistaken loyalty into a conflict with the nation, a conflict from which its own responsible leaders shrank. It had suffered enormous loss and unequivocal defeat.

Disastrous results

I do not think it can be doubted that the result of last year's struggle was to restore the better mind of Labour to power and to discredit the Cooks and Wheatleys.

That was the one great asset we were entitled to expect from the costly experience of 1926. It is an asset that cannot be estimated because it is priceless. The greatest need of the country is a reasonable frame of mind on the part of Labour. That cannot be imposed by force.

But the startling events of last year had furnished a lesson that only needed to be left to sink into the mind of Labour in order to produce the effect the country desired. It is because the production of Sir Douglas Hogg's Bill interferes with that process that I question its wisdom.

It has done precisely what the Cooks and Wheatleys desired. It has left the moderates once more at their mercy, and the Communists at liberty once more to call the Labour tune.

irl's Secret

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

was agreed that we should wait six months, and if all went well we should be married.

"A month ago I had the shock of my life. I heard that he had been arrested. It nearly broke my heart, but that was nothing to what I discovered when I reached London. I found that he had gone to the dogs.

"In some way he had become entangled with Miss Garnier, whom you know as Mrs. Bristow; and I found that he had actually been living with her at her flat. He got into debt, and in order to pay for his extravagance he embezzled some of his firm's money. He is now serving his sentence of three months' imprisonment."

THIS young girl paused, and into her eyes came a look of abject misery. "It might have been so different—oh, so very different," she murmured softly, and she started to cry.

Just then I was called away to attend to an urgent matter. When I returned she was perfectly calm, and this is the continuance of her story.

"I broke off the engagement, and I heard nothing more from him until yesterday morning." Quietly, she unfastened her handbag and handed a letter to me. It was a remarkable document. This man from his prison cell said that he did not hope to be forgiven, but he begged that for old times' sake she would do something for him.

In Miss Garnier's flat were papers and belongings of his which, if they were discovered, would lead him into trouble with a certain man, and he pleaded with her to retrieve them, and to care for them until he was released.

THE letter finished by saying, "I have realised, alas, too late, what a fool I have been, but when I come out I am going to make good. Then, one day, maybe you and I—but that is too much for me to hope."

As I handed that letter back I knew instinctively why my visitor had called upon me. "Please, please help me," she begged earnestly. "But why should you do this for him?" I asked; "he is nothing to you now." She smiled, a sad smile. "That's just the trouble," she went on. "He means everything to me, and when he comes out he will find me waiting for him."

It is a terrible risk for a young girl to undertake, but from what I saw of Miss Winifred Edgely during that brief interview, it will not be her fault if she does not succeed.

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THE FOUR JUST MEN AGAIN

The Abductor

FAMILY diamonds are always a tempting bait to the expert thief, and Guntheimer would have made a nice haul had he not forgotten the existence of the Just Men. As it was, Manfred, Gonsalez and Poiccart had the last laugh—as usual.

MANFRED was sitting in his small room overlooking Curzon Street one night in spring, and he was in his most thoughtful mood when Poiccart—who invariably undertook the job of butler—came hobbling in to announce Lord Geydrew.

"Not the Geydrew of Gallat Towers?" Manfred could be massively ironical. "Has he come to pay his bill?"

"God knows," said Poiccart piously. "Do peers of the realm pay their bills?"

Manfred chuckled. "He will be penitent and interesting," he said. "Show him up."

Lord Geydrew came in a little nervously, blinking at the bright light that burnt on Manfred's table. Evidently he was unusually agitated.

"Oh, my God!" he wailed. "The most terrible thing . . . it doesn't bear thinking about."

Manfred waited patiently. Presently the older man looked up. "I must tell you the story from the beginning, Mr. Manfred," he said. "My daughter Angela—you may have met her?"

Manfred shook his head.

"She was married this morning to Mr. Guntheimer, a very wealthy Australian banker and an immensely nice fellow." He shook his head and dabbed his eyes with a handkerchief.

Light was beginning to dawn on Manfred.

"MR. GUNTHEIMER is considerably older than my daughter," his lordship went on, "and I will not conceal from you the fact that Angela has certain objections to the match. In fact, she had very stupidly arrived at some sort of understanding with young Sidworth—good family and all that, but not a penny in the world . . . it would have been madness."

Manfred now understood quite clearly.

"We had to hurry the marriage, since Guntheimer is leaving for Australia much earlier than he expected. Happily my daughter gave way to my legitimate wishes and they were married this morning at a registrar's office and are due to leave for the Isle of Wight by the three o'clock train.

"We did not go to see her off, and the only account I have of the occurrence was from the mouth of my son-in-law. He said that he was walking up to his specially reserved carriage, when suddenly he missed my daughter from his side. He looked round, retraced his steps, but could see nothing of her.

"Thinking that she might have gone ahead, he returned to the carriage, but it was empty. He then went back beyond the barriers.

"She was not in sight, but a porter whom he had engaged to carry his baggage, and who came on after him, said that he had seen her in earnest conversation with an elderly man and they walked into the booking-hall together and disappeared. Another porter on duty in the courtyard of the station saw them get into a car and drive off."

Manfred was jotting down notes on his blotting-pad.

"The story the porter tells—the outside porter, I mean," went on his lordship—"is that my daughter seemed reluctant to go, and that she was almost thrust into the car.

"As the car came abreast of him the man was pulling down the blinds, and the porter says that he has no doubt that my daughter was struggling with him."

"With the elderly man?" said Manfred.

Lord Geydrew nodded. "Mr. Manfred"—his voice was a wail—"I am not a rich man, and perhaps I would be wise to leave this matter in the hands of the police.

She was almost thrust into the car

"But I have such extraordinary faith in your intelligence and acumen—I think you will find that cheque right—and in spite of your exorbitant charges I wish to engage you. She is my only daughter . . ." His voice broke.

"Was the number of the car taken by the porter?" Lord Geydrew shook his head. "No," he said. "Naturally I wish to keep this out of the press——"

"I'm afraid you've failed," said Manfred, and took a paper from a basket that was at his side, pointing out a paragraph in the stop press.

"REPORTED ABDUCTION OF BRIDE.—It is reported that a bride, just before leaving Waterloo on her honeymoon trip, was forcibly abducted by an elderly man. Scotland Yard have been notified."

"Porters will talk," said Manfred. "Have the police a theory?"

"None," snapped his lordship.

"Has Mr. Sidworth been interviewed?"

Lord Geydrew shook his head vigorously. "Naturally that was the first thought I had. Sidworth, I thought, has persuaded this unfortunate girl——"

"Is he an elderly man?" asked Manfred, with a twinkle in his eye which only Poiccart understood.

"Of course he isn't," snapped his lordship. "I told you he was young. At the present moment he's staying with some very dear friends of mine at Newbury—I think he took the marriage rather badly."

Manfred rubbed his shapely nose thoughtfully. "And Mr. Guntheimer——?"

"Naturally he's distracted. I have never known a man so upset. He's almost mad with grief. Can you gentlemen give me any hope?"

He looked from one to the other, and his lean face brightened at Manfred's nod.

"Where is Mr. Guntheimer staying?" asked Poiccart, breaking his silence.

"At the Gayborough Hotel," said Lord Geydrew.

"Another point—what was his present to the bride?" asked Manfred.

His visitor looked surprised, and then: "A hundred thousand pounds," he said impressively. "Mr. Gun-

by Edgar Wallace

t

heimer doesn't believe in our old method of settlement. I may say that his cheque for that amount is in my pocket now."

"And your present to the bride?" asked Manfred.

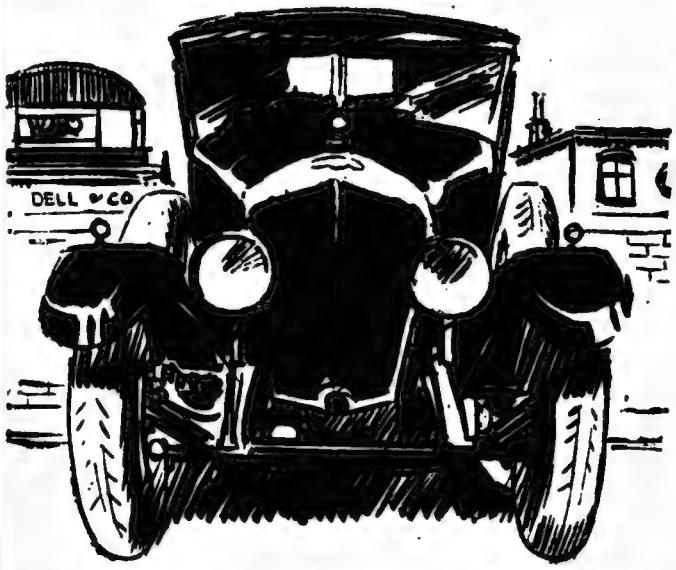
Lord Geydrew showed some signs of impatience. "My dear fellow, you're on the wrong track. Angela was not spirited away for purposes of property. The jewel-case containing her diamonds was carried by Guntheimer. She had nothing of value in her possession except just a few odd pounds in her handbag."

Manfred rose. "I think that is all I want to ask you, Lord Geydrew. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, your daughter will come back to you in twenty-four hours."

POICCART showed the comforted man to his car, and returned to find Manfred reading the sporting column in an evening newspaper.

"Well?" asked Poiccart.

"A curious case and one in which my soul revels." He put down the paper and stretched himself. "If Leon comes in, will you ask him to



wait my return unless there is something urgent takes him elsewhere?" He lifted his head. "I think that is he," he said, at the sound of squealing brakes.

Poiccart shook his head. "Leon is less noisy," he said, and went down to admit an agitated young man.

Mr. Harry Sidmouth was that type of youth for which Manfred had a very soft spot. Lank of body, healthy of face, he had all the incoherence of his age.

"I say, are you Mr. Manfred?" he began almost before he got into the room. "I've been to that old devil's house and his secretary told me he came here."

"You're Mr. Sidworth, of course?"

The young man nodded vigorously. His face was anxious, his air wild; he was too young to hide his evident distress. "Isn't it too terrible for words?" he began.

"Mr. Sidworth"—Manfred fixed him with a kindly eye—"you've come to ask me about your Angela, and I'm telling you, as I told Lord Geydrew, that I'm perfectly certain that she will come back to you unharmed. There's one thing I might ask—how long has she known her husband?"

The young man made a wry face. "That's a hateful word to me," he groaned. "Guntheimer? About three months. He isn't a bad fellow. I've nothing against him, except that he got Angela. Old Geydrew thought I'd taken her away. He rang up the people I was staying with, and that was the first news I had that she'd disappeared."

"Have you heard from her lately?" asked Manfred.

Sidworth nodded. "Yes, this morning," he said dolefully. "Just a little note thanking me for my wedding present. I gave her a jewel-case——"

"A what?" asked Manfred sharply, and the young man, surprised at his vehemence, stared at him.

"A jewel-case—my sister bought one about a month ago, and Angela was so taken with it that I had an exact copy made."

Manfred was looking at him absently. "Your sister?" he said slowly. "Where does your sister live?"

"Why, she's at Maidenhead," said the young man, surprised.

Manfred looked at his watch. "Eight o'clock," he said. "This is going to be rather an amusing evening."

* * *

The clocks were striking the half-hour after ten when the telephone bell in Mr. Guntheimer's private suite buzzed softly. Guntheimer ceased his restless pacing and went to the instrument.

"I can't see anybody," he said . . . "Who?" He frowned. "All right, I'll see him."

He was a tall, good-looking man, rather haggard of face now, and the hand that stroked the iron-grey moustache trembled a little.

"Geydrew told me he was going to see you—what is your explanation of this extraordinary happening, Mr. Manfred?"

Manfred smiled. "The solution is a very simple one, Mr. Guntheimer," he said. "It is to be found in the pink diamond."

"In the what?" asked the other, startled.

"Your wife has a rather nice diamond brooch," said Manfred. "Unless I am misinformed, the third from the end of the bar is of a distinctly pinkish hue. It is, or was, the property of the Rajah of Komitar, and on its topmost facet you will find an Arabic word, meaning 'Happi-ness.'"

Guntheimer was gazing at him open-mouthed. "What has that to do with it?"

Again Manfred smiled. "If there is a pink diamond and it is inscribed as I say, I can find your wife, not in twenty-four but in six hours."

Guntheimer fingered his chin thoughtfully. "That matter's easily settled," he said. "My wife's jewels are in the hotel safe. Just wait."

He was gone five minutes and returned carrying a small scarlet box. He put this on the table and opened it with a key which he took from his pocket.

Lifting the lid, he took out a pad of wash-leather and revealed a trayful of glittering jewels.

"The brooch is not here," he said after a search.

THERE were brooches and bars of all kinds. Manfred pointed to one, and this was inspected—but there was no pink diamond; nor was there in any other brooch.

"Is that the best you can do in the way of detective work?" demanded Mr. Guntheimer as he closed and locked the box. "I thought that tale was a little fantastic . . ."

Crash! A stone came hurtling through the window, smashing the glass, and fell on the carpet. With an oath Guntheimer spun round.

"What was that?" he excitedly cried, and ran to the window. Outside the window was a small balcony which ran the length of the building.

"Somebody standing on the balcony must have thrown that," said Guntheimer.

The sound of smashing glass had been heard in the corridor, and two hotel servants came in and examined the damage without, however, offering a solution to the mystery.

Manfred waited until the distracted bridegroom had locked away the jewel-box in a steel trunk, and by this time Guntheimer was in a better humour.

"I've heard about you fellows," he said, "and I know you're pretty clever; otherwise, I should have thought that story of the pink diamond was all bunkum. Perhaps you will tell me what the Rajah of Who-was-it has to do with Angela's disappearance?"

Manfred was biting his lip thoughtfully. "I don't wish to alarm you," he said slowly. "But has it occurred to you, Mr. Guntheimer, that you may share her fate?"

Again that quick turn and look of apprehension. "I don't quite understand you."

"I wondered if you would," said Manfred, and, holding out his hand, he left his astonished host staring after him.

* * *

WHEN he got to Curzon Street he found Gonsalez, head in one deep armchair, his feet on another. Apparently Poiccart, who had reached home first, had told him of the callers, for he was holding forth on women.

"They are wilful, they are unreasonable," he said bitterly.

"Here is a case in point. Tomorrow the newspapers will tell you

(*Continued on page 26*)

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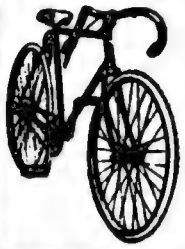

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The Abductor *Continued*

the harrowing story of a bride torn from the arms of her bridegroom."

Manfred opened the safe in a corner of the room and put into it something he had taken from his pocket. Characteristically, Gonsalez asked no questions, and it was remarkable and significant that nobody discussed the pink diamond.

THE following morning passed uneventfully, save that Leon had much to say about the hardness of the drawing-room sofa, where he had spent the night, and the three men had finished lunch and were sitting smoking over their coffee when a ring of the bell took Poiccart into the hall.

"Geydrew, full of bad tidings," said George Manfred, as the sound of a voice came to them.

Lord Geydrew it was, shrill with his tremendous information.

"Have you heard the news? Guntheimer has disappeared! The waiter went to his room this morning, could get no answer, opened the door with his key and walked in. The bed had not been slept in . . . all his trunks were there, and on the floor——"

"Let me guess," said Manfred, and held his forehead. "The jewel-case smashed to smithereens, without a single jewel in it! Or was it——"

But Lord Geydrew's face told him that his first guess was accurate. "How did you know?" he gasped. "It was not in the papers. My God, this is awful!"

In his agitation he did not notice that Leon Gonsalez had slipped from the room, and only missed him when he turned to find the one man in whom for some extraordinary reason he had faith.

"I'm ashamed to confess it," smiled Manfred. "That was sheer guesswork. The jewel-case had the appearance of being jumped on—I don't wonder!"

"But—but——" stammered the nobleman, and at that minute the door opened and he staggered back.

A smiling girl was there, and in another instant was in his arms.

"Here's your Angela," said Leon, with great coolness; "and with all due respect to everybody, I shan't be sorry to sleep in my own bed to-night. George, that sofa must be sent back to the brigands who supplied it."

Crash! A stone came hurtling through the window

But George was at the safe, lifting out a red leather jewel-case.

It was a long time before Geydrew was calm enough to hear the story.

"My friend Leon Gonsalez," said Manfred, "has a wonderful memory for faces—so have we all, for the matter of that. But Leon is specially gifted. He was waiting at Waterloo to drive friend Poiccart home. Raymond had been to Winchester to see a surgeon friend of ours over a matter of a sprained leg.

"WHILST Leon was waiting he saw Guntheimer and your daughter, and instantly recognised Guntheimer, whose other name is Lanstry, or Smith, or Malkin. Guntheimer's graft is bigamy, and Leon happens to know him rather well.

"A few enquiries made of the porter, and he discovered, not the identity of your daughter, but that this man had married that day. He approached Miss Angela with a story that some mysterious body was waiting to see her outside the station.

"I will not say that she imagined that mysterious body was Mr. Sidworth, but at any rate she went very willingly. She showed some little fight when friend Leon pushed her into the car and drove away with her——"

"Anybody who has tried to drive a car and control an infuriated and terrified lady will sympathise with me," broke in Leon.

"By the time Miss Angela reached Curzon Street she was in full possession of the facts as Leon knew them," Manfred went on. "Leon's one object was to postpone the honeymoon until he could get somebody to identify Guntheimer.

"The young lady told us nothing about her jewel-case, but we all guessed the hundred thousand pound cheque, presented too late to be banked. Before it could be cleared, Guntheimer would be well out of the country with any loot he was able to gather, in this case the family diamonds, and, of course, it would have been pretty easy to arrest him last night.

"When your lordship called yesterday Leon was out finishing his investigations. Before he returned I learnt where I could get a duplicate jewel-box, and with Poiccart made a call upon friend bigamist.

"Poiccart was on the balcony listening, and at an agreed word signal he smashed the window, which gave me just the opportunity I wanted to change the jewel-boxes. Later, I presume, Mr. Guntheimer opened the box, found it was empty, realised the game was up, and fled."

"But how did you induce him to show you the jewel-box?" asked Lord Geydrew.

Manfred smiled cryptically. The tale of the pink diamond was too crude to be repeated.

How that inevitable occurrence—the third coincidence—keeps "The Four Just Men" busy to the annoyance of a blackmailing gang will be revealed next week.

The Sentence of the Court

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

Bellowdrama at Westminster

GUILTY and proud of it! announced Mr. Jack Jones, M.P., in a stentorian tone, when charged with being a Commons or garden nuisance.

"The Court will doubtless share my wish," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that the accused could contrive to be proud without being quite so loud, the sort of pride which goes before a brawl.

"It flourishes on fury and waxes fat on a diet of 'scraps,' for Mr. Jones apparently cherishes the delusion that his pride in being a nuisance denotes strength of character, whereas it merely denotes strength of lung and weakness of intellect.

"When Sir Douglas Hogg was explaining the Trade Unions Bill to the House, Mr. Jackass Jones was at the top of his (bad) form and the top of his voice. Gems of wit such as 'Edison-Bell record' and 'Lord Oxo and Bovril' fell from his lips like toads and serpents from those of the young female in the fairy story.

"Having failed to make a hit as a comedian, he cast himself for the role of 'Confused Shouting Off Stage' and took to yelling at the Attorney-General, 'You're a liar from the top of your head to the soles of your feet.'

"Having heard this, there is no need to enquire 'What happend to Jones?' Needless to say, he was ordered from the House, and displayed to the end the misguided pride of a man who has the courage of his evictions.

"Whatever may be our opinion of the Trade Unions Bill, freedom of debate and the dignity of Parliament must be preserved. Rancour is a crude substitute for reason and no man ever improved his own case by seeking to prevent his opponents putting theirs."

* * *

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that it was impossible to dissociate this charge from the iniquitous Bill which had aroused Mr. Jones' indignation. To prattle of "Freedom of debate" when a blow was being struck at working-class freedom was like urging hungry citizens to remember their table manners in a time of famine.

It was easy (continued counsel) for those who did not feel deeply to judge harshly, but the most that could be said against his client was that he had been guilty of bad manners in a good cause. In any case, to condemn Jack Jones for behaving like Jack Jones was as foolish as to punish a leopard for having spots.

* * *

"THERE is doubtless much to be said against the Trade Unions Bill," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but even if honourable members cannot 'Say it with flowers' (of speech), they can at least refrain from urging it with incoherent bellows. If the Bill is to be slain, it will have to be done with the rapier of reason rather than with the jawbone of an ass.

"The prisoner apparently imagines that he is gaining the ear of the House when he is merely 'getting its goat.' He does not seem to realise that every time he raises his voice he lowers himself in public esteem and increases the conviction that the letters after his name should be changed from 'M.P.' to M.T.—to indicate the state of his top storey from the teeth upward.

"Since the prisoner has such fantastic notions of what constitutes the duty of a watchdog of trade union liberties, the only course I can adopt is to enforce the muzzling order against him."

GRAVE BUSINESS BLACKMAIL

TON LOADS OF PALM GREASE

Commercial Traveller Crooks

BRIBERY in business has been correctly described as "the worst form of unfair competition."

Yet every business man knows that modern commercial life is honeycombed with this abuse. The following complaint from a Sheffield furnishing company is a characteristic illustration:

Last week a representative of one of the well-known upholstering houses called on our Derby manager, and, after finding that he was in a position to place orders, quite frankly told him that his firm would be pleased to send a cheque for 5 per cent. commission, to his private address, on all orders the firm received from that branch.

This is open bribery, and it is a great pity that a leading house has to stoop to this method of obtaining business. It is against all good business principles, and would, no doubt, eventually lead to the downfall of the manager.

The offer—as well as the acceptance—of such secret commissions for the purpose of inducing business is, of course, a criminal offence, carrying heavy penalties, but, in this case, several weeks have elapsed, and there has been no hint of prosecution.

Extraordinary leniency

The Prevention of Corruption Acts—there are three of them on the Statute Book—are for the most part a dead letter. In 1926 there were sixteen prosecutions in the whole of the country.

Does anyone seriously suppose that this represents the full extent of an evil which is the subject of bitter complaint wherever commercial opinion can be ascertained?

An unending stream of resolutions from Chambers of Trade and Commerce, rotary clubs and like organisations emphasises the prevalence of unfair and dishonest trading, yet only in a negligible fraction of cases is there the faintest attempt to bring the offenders to book.

For this disquieting state of affairs there are several evident reasons.

Cases of the strongest suspicion are not always provable by evidence that will be accepted by the court.

Before a prosecution can be instituted the fiat of the Attorney-General must be obtained.

But far more important than either of these "snags" is the fact that cases reported to the magistrates are often treated with such extraordinary leniency that the net effect is to encourage, rather than to repress, the evil of commercial bribery.

Typical cases

The following are typical cases:

At a West London police court, an outfitter offering £12 10s. to an official of the Disposals Board, as consideration for a profitable purchase of public stores, was fined £25.

At Chelmsford a dairy manager, who offered 10s. 6d. to a county council inspector to procure a favourable report on the condition of his premises, was fined £7 6s.

At Weston-super-Mare, a contractor, bribing a county council official to accept his estimates, was fined £7 15s.

Bribes offered for the purpose of obtaining business are, naturally, on a more lavish scale, but the surrender of a share of the plunder, in the shape of fines, has been considered sufficient punishment.

The secretary of a well-known boot-manufacturing company, who for the

Sir Malcolm Graham Ramsay, K.C.B., C.B Comptroller and Auditor-General who reported on Air Force irregularities

purpose of obtaining orders attempted to bribe the manager of a West End stores, was at Marlborough Street fined £15 15s.

A paper company rejected the material supplied by a firm of waste-paper dealers on the ground of its dirty condition. To obviate such mishaps for the future, the "wasters" offered money to certain responsible employees of the company, and, at Grays, Essex, were fined £15 15s.

Worth the risk

Occasionally, gross criminal fraud is involved. Now and again imprisonment is awarded, as contemplated by the Prevention of Corruption Act, 1916, which increased the maximum penalty to seven years' penal servitude; but in the great majority of cases relatively small money payments are allowed to purge the offence.

At Redditch last December a postman was approached by an individual named Griffith, with the gift of £1, and asked to deliver, unofficially, as if it had come through the post, a letter, already postmarked, addressed to Mr. Tom Johnson, a local bookmaker.

The letter contained certain bets, and, but for the honesty of the postman, Johnson might have had to part with £109 5s.

There were two separate attempts to enlist informal postal aid. For the first offence Griffith was fined £2, for the second £3.

No wonder dishonest persons are tempted to take a chance!

A coal-merchant at Sutton Coldfield, who bribed a railway booking-clerk to undercharge siding-rents, was £8 poorer after an interview with the local magistrates.

Strong suspicion!

A woman draper at Nuneaton, who offered a present to a shop-assistant, in the hope of obtaining more cotton and flannel than she paid for, escaped with a £10 fine although it was her second offence!

Not long ago attention was drawn in these columns to the extraordinary statements of the Air Minister on the question of a temporary Civil servant being connected with a commercial undertaking which might have contractual relations with the Government.

A court of enquiry in 1926 showed that a certain contractor had had irregular dealings with an Air Force Department in Iraq, which, in one case, gave rise to a strong suspicion of bribery, the circumstances being fully detailed in the Report of the Comptroller and Auditor-General, Sir Malcolm Ramsay, attached to the Air Services Accounts.

In reply to Sir Malcolm's observations, the Air Ministry stated "that it was not possible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the loss to public funds resulting from the irregularities; that in one case the loss was put by the court of enquiry at £750."

A strong suspicion of bribery! It will naturally be assumed that all dealings between the Air Ministry and the firm in question are at an end; that a stern public example has been made of a firm whose "irregularities" have resulted in a certain, though incalculable, "loss to public funds."

But no. Whilst the employment of the officials concerned was terminated, it is announced that "the Air Ministry, bearing in mind the action already taken to ensure the strictest correctitude on the official side, is of the view that it is in the public interest to leave the further employment of this contractor to the discretion of the Air Officer Commanding."

Force of example

It will be remembered that Sir Samuel Hoare thought it compatible with the "strictest correctitude," and, indeed, "in accordance with the general practice of Government Departments," that the head of his Civil Aviation Branch should remain a director of an oil company.

When these are the official standards of commercial morality, is it a matter for astonishment that private commercial corruption should be rampant, and the law powerless to check the plague?

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LOOT! LOOT!! LOOT!!!

THE NEVER-ENDING SWINDLE

Thefts from the Thrifty

WORKING people all over the country are losing money which in the aggregate reaches a huge sum owing to the lapsing of industrial insurance policies.

The thrifty poor are the sufferers, and the extent to which they are bamboozled can be imagined from the fact that the average annual value of policies surrendered is seven millions a year, representing the huge daily total of something like £24,000.

In the great majority of these cases the premiums are entirely lost, as in only a small proportion is anything allowed for surrender value.

Heartrending stories

The Industrial Insurance Department of JOHN BULL has done much to assist many of these unfortunates, and heartrending stories pour in daily of people who, meeting with unemployment, lose the advantage of payments extending over years.

Many reforms are overdue in connection with this class of insurance, but one that is imperative is that in the case of all lapsed policies the company concerned should be compelled under heavy penalties to deliver to the person concerned a clear written statement as to what surrender value he is entitled to.

A few cases taken at random from those recently investigated will show that no language is too harsh in describing the inhuman conduct of insurance companies when dealing with the poorest of their customers.

Mr. Watson, who is now in Ontario, paid insurance premiums to a leading company from 1888 to June, 1924, in amounts starting at a penny per week and increased until he was paying 2s. 3d. per week.

Criminal silence

In that period he paid a total of some £80. Owing to scarcity of work he then emigrated to Canada and let the policies lapse.

He was not informed by the commany that he was entitled to a single halfpenny, and it was only when the matter was brought to the attention of JOHN BULL that he made the discovery that he was entitled to £40 17s. free policies as surrender value.

What have the many clergymen and comfortably circumstanced spinsters and widows who form a large proportion of the shareholders in this particular concern to say of business methods of this description, from which they derive a considerable amount of benefit?

Mr. Ranaghan, of West Boldon, Durham, has had the costly experience of paying £51 on policies of a face value of £19 19s., and at the end receiving not one penny piece. In 1904 he was persuaded to take out a policy on the life of his mother at a weekly premium of 6d., which in 1905 was increased to 9d.

Following the usual procedure, the agent persuaded him to increase it further in 1911, from which time he paid 1s. 3d. per week. This amount was paid with regularity until 1923, when, striking a period of financial stringency, Mr. Ranaghan was unable to continue, with the result that the policies lapsed.

The circumstances were pointed out to the company—which, owing

Mr. W. E. Mashford, Head of "John Bull's" Industrial Assurance Bureau

to the length of time the premiums had been paid, had carried no risk for years—and application made for some allowance, but it refused to part with a single bean.

Mrs. Oldridge, of Barton, in 1911, insured the life of her mother with two different companies, paying in premium 2s. 6d. per week.

Since that time she has paid in all £82 in premiums on policies valued at only £25, to secure which she will have to go on paying until the death of her mother.

A Devonshire policy-holder took out four policies on the life of her father and has paid £148 7s. 4d. to secure death benefits of £59 16s.

Should she discontinue payments at the present time on all four policies she would be entitled to free policies for £43 2s., payable on the death of her father.

Outrageous offer

A particularly distressing experience is that of a poor Stepney widow, Mrs. Cornish, who in 1919 was left with a family of children, four of them still of school age and a fifth a confirmed invalid.

In 1922 this unfortunate woman and her eldest daughter were persuaded to take out life insurance policies involving a total weekly payment of 4s. per week on the definite understanding that at the expiration of five years they would receive £52, this being the amount that would then have been paid in premiums.

Mrs. Cornish was forced to go out charing to maintain her family, but she kept up the payments.

She has now completed the payment of the £52 and is told by the company that she is entitled to £10 in return, although it has taken no risks at all, as in the event of death the amount payable would have been only 75 per cent. of the monies paid at any period.

Winners in any case

In August, 1919, Mrs. Beer insured her child with an industrial insurance company at a weekly premium of 6d. In November, 1920, she was induced to take out a policy on her own life at a premium of 6d. per week, as was also her husband at a weekly premium of 1s. 6d.

These payments of 2s. 6d. per week were continued until December, 1925, when, owing to poverty, they had to be discontinued.

The agent told the family that nothing could be claimed, but afterwards an offer was made of £8 13s. in the form of free policies payable nine years hence—this for a total payment in premiums of £34 19s.

In these transactions the chances taken by the company were nil, as during 60 per cent. of the currency of the policies, if continued, the amount insured was less than the premiums actually paid.

If the premiums had been continued for the fifteen years contracted for, £97 10s. would have been paid for which the return would have been £74 15s.

Blackmail on thrift

In the case of Mrs. Cook, of Queen's Park, London, the company concerned has been guilty of sharp practice of a most despicable kind. In 1911 she took out six policies and later on seven other policies were issued on various lives in the family.

Premiums totalling 1s. 4d. per week were paid until May, 1925, when the force of circumstances compelled the discontinuance of the payments.

Here was the opportunity for a bit of dirty work of which a great British insurance company did not scruple to take the utmost advantage. Had additional premiums to the amount of £2 2s. 8d. been paid free policies to the amount of £25 would have been due on surrender.

This fact was concealed from Mrs. Cook or was not explained, with the result that the company pockets the whole of the premiums paid without disgorging one penny.

Poor persons with a laudable desire to prevent their dear ones receiving a pauper's funeral are induced by agents to take out policies at premiums they cannot really afford and when the day of trouble comes they are lapsed and the amounts paid pocketed by the companies.

It is nothing more nor less than a system of blackmail on thrift.

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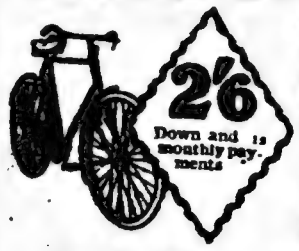

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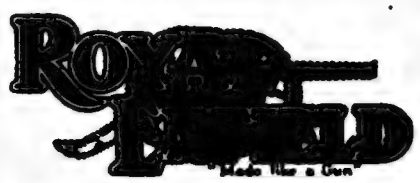

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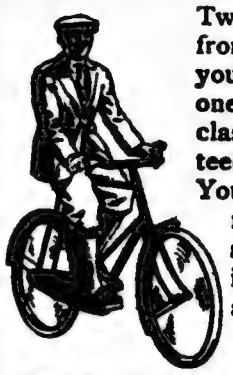

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Words Winged to Women

THE ASPHALT MEADOW

by **MABEL HORNER**

A BABY at Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital weighed the double normal at birth. Beautiful children are constantly born, but, banished to mean, sunless streets, with no room to play, they become pale, emaciated objects of pity. Must this cruelty to children go on?

AS I write I hear the voices of children merrily at play. Through wide windows I see a still wider expanse of lovely grass-land. It is daisy starred and bordered with trees. In such surroundings happy little children run and shout, a panting little dog and frisky black kitten are joining in the romp, two or three mild-eyed horses are placidly grazing.

The picture fits together as naturally as beautiful plumage fits the birds pouring out their sweet-throated music on the breeze. For this is how it should be. Nor should we rest content until this, or something like it, is the ordered plan of life for every little child, and not merely the prerogative of a very few.

Spirits in prison

Possibly, in the rush and hurry of modern life, we fail to realise how the world has altered for children. It has altered tremendously, terrifically, and the changes brought about must sound as a clarion call to lovers of little children.

It must do if the next generation, the mass of the people who make up the country, are to grow into full and happy life. Children denied fresh air, sunshine, romping space, and companionship of birds and animals, are spirits in prison.

Take, for instance, the report of the Nurses Committee to the Hastings Board of Guardians dealing with the mental condition of children in the poor law nursery. The appearance of a dog or cat frightens them to an abnormal and unnatural extent.

They never go outside the four walls of the building. They never see a horse, a cow, a lamb, or a sheep, or any of the things of Nature which awaken curiosity or develop intelligence.

And there are thousands, many thousands, of British children whose plight is worse. For the Hastings Board of Guardians, being a public body, has funds at its disposal and the weight of public opinion behind it. It was shocked at this report, and decided without delay to transform this unnatural system of child existence into one more humane.

H.R.H. the Duke of York, who, recognising the value of open-air games, takes a keen personal interest in summer camps for boys

But the parents of the little children who stifle in airless slums have no such economic power. Their position is tragic. They must either keep their children prisoners bereft of "those things that awaken curiosity and develop intelligence" or leave them to run the gauntlet of swift and terrible death in our perilous streets. Something must be done for the children very quickly.

The other day I took a walk through one of London's ancient and busiest industrial areas. I saw an old playground. There was a dirty, asphalted space on which boys tried to play football and another on which girls languidly tried round games. A space with sand-pits for babies was ringed round with tired mothers watching their little ones gambol.

But what a travesty of open-air play! The sand was there, certainly, but not sand washed clean by lapping waves, but dusty and doubtful, fenced in with iron rails against which neither trees nor flowers would grow.

The local authority had done its best, but it was neither good nor good enough. And civic authorities all over the country where this problem presses with equal intensity know that it is not enough.

They are wakening up to the fact that something must be done for the children thus denied of their birthright of contact with Nature. The demand for more playing-fields—not dismal asphalt yards—is growing.

But if the problem of such magnitude is to be satisfactorily solved it will take more than private effort to do it. There must be joint action by the State, local councils and the education authorities.

And these can only move as they have public opinion solid behind them. Here is where women everywhere can help.

The real obstacle

And they can help further. For even playing-fields do not solve the whole of the problem. They are not for toddlers and babies. For them we need to get back to the demand for houses with gardens.

That brings us up sharp against the preposterous land laws under which our children stifle. The land is locked up from the common people and lodged in the hands of a few.

Until that fact is recognised by the many, and until the land is made the first consideration in all politics, there will be no relief from the horrid dangers of overcrowding and street traffic, and our children will continue to suffocate or perish.

The Crack in the Charity Box

by **The DOWAGER LADY RAGLAN**

IN view of the fact that flag days owe their income practically entirely to the contributions and support of the general public, it is the duty of the authorities and police to see, when granting any charity the necessary permission to hold a flag day, that it is organised in such a fashion that the maximum amount of money reaches and benefits the charity for which purpose the public have contributed, and that the minimum amount is deducted therefrom for expenses.

Lady Raglan

In some instances where the general organisation is slack more than half the sums contributed is swallowed up in heavy expenses. It would be much better if a rule were laid down that all expenses should be paid from a separate fund formed for that purpose.

Whilst realising that the labourer is worthy of his hire, I yet deprecate a system which permits any salaried official to receive a percentage on the net takings of a flag day.

Another reform greatly needed is that the public should not be permitted to put their contributions in the seller's tray.

Some people carelessly drop their money in the tray instead of placing it in the collecting-box, quite regardless of the fact that they are deliberately placing temptation in the way of any sellers who are in need of money.

REFORM again is needed to prevent sellers who are going to lunch or tea taking their collecting-boxes with them. It should be an offence for anyone to take away a collecting-box in this fashion.

Reform is also needed concerning the form of instructions to be issued to sellers. For example, they should be constrained to remain and to sell only in the district that has been allotted to them in the first place.

Another instance where carelessness is shown is in the prices asked for flags and emblems. For example, a seller is instructed to ask two shillings each for certain emblems.

I knew of such a case where a girl sold two-shilling emblems for sixpence, pleading in extenuation that the purchaser could not afford to pay more, and that anyway she had made up the deficit by charging her next purchaser half-a-crown for a sixpenny article.

There is also often considerable slackness shown in the method employed of opening and counting the money from the boxes. It would be better if the boxes were opened by some bank and the money counted by the bank officials.

Yet another, and a most vital matter, calling for reform is that of the actual collecting-box itself. The majority of them are entirely unsafe.

What is required to safeguard the moneys collected is that a special box should be designed and registered which should be approved by the authorities and police.

YET another attitude indulged in by some sellers is that the public must be made to contribute. This is harmful. What the public gives is voluntary, and they ought to be thanked for their support.

It is a false idea to imagine that the public dislike flag days. There are a great many people who are happy to contribute their penny.

Let our authorities and police awaken now to the need of reform in flag days before the season of collecting-boxes is upon us.

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

SOME BARRY SPECIALITIES

HIGH GRADE SUIT TO MEASURE **£2:0:0**

SUPER GRADE WORSTED SUITINGS **£4:10:0** AND **£5:5:0** TO MEASURE

ALL WOOL BLACK VICUNA COAT & VEST WITH STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS TO MEASURE **£3:10:0**

FREE Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Learn how to measure yourself in a few seconds with an accuracy rivalling that of the qualified tailor.

STEPHEN DONOGHUE (The World-Famous Jockey) Dressed by BARRY

GUARANTEED LONDON SHRUNK FLANNEL TROUSERS TO MEASURE **12/9**

SPORTS COAT LINED THROUGHOUT FITTED LEATHER BUTTONS TO MEASURE **26/6**

A GUARANTEED SCOTCH TWEED SPORTS SUIT TO MEASURE for **£3:10:0**

AN INDIGO DYED LONDON SHRUNK TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN, 100% ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT TO MEASURE FOR **£3:3:0**

JABARDINE OIL-SKIN CHECK LINING DETACHABLE WOOL LINING

IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if preferred.

WRITE NOW OR CALL.
These calling may be measured in our Showrooms.
We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay us if we fail to please you at every point.

THE 1927
BARRICO TRENCH COAT
(The Absolutely Genuine Officer's 4-in-1 Model.)

Original Price ~~45/-~~ Special Offer **30/-** POST PAID

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, the new and improved raincoat which may be relied on in every climatic emergency. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Nerxark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or hail. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for the 1927 Barrico, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

Cash refunded if not approved.

S. A. BARRY & CO LTD.

(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Near Moorgate Tram, Tube Terminus

CICFA

Removes the Cause of

INDIGESTION

in both Stomach and Bowel

Because it Supplies the

Natural Digestive Ferments.

The Cause of Indigestion is always lack of Natural Digestive Ferments in the Stomach and in the Bowel.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Stomach, the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., are not digested, with consequent Heartburn, Acidity and Feeling of Fullness.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Bowel, the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes and bananas are not digested there, with consequent Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, and the misery of Constipation.

When CICFA is taken, Digestion becomes normal in both Stomach and Bowel, with gradual disappearance of that Feeling of Fullness, Acidity, Flatulence and Constipation, because CICFA SUPPLIES the NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

That is why CICFA REMOVES THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

- Sharp Neuralgic Headaches.
- Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.
- Tongue coated in front.
- Complexion blemishes.
- Appetite variable.
- Pains darting through chest.
- Burning Spot behind Left Shoulder Blade.
- Dull Heavy Headaches.
- Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- Tongue coated at back.
- Complexion muddy.
- Eating disliked.
- Biliousness.
- Pain and Constipation.

6, Ferry Road, Twickenham.

"Gentlemen,—I write this to let you know I have been taking Cicfa tablets for chronic pains in the chest and stomach after eating, and have been a different man ever since I started using them. I have been taking them about seven weeks, and they are the best things I have ever used in my life for the chest and stomach complaints.

"I worked in misery and pain for weeks before I started using your Cicfa tablets. I had tried so many other medicines and none of them had done me any good at all, and I began to give up hope of getting any better. My wife can vouch for this being true. I used to have pains if I only ate bread and butter, and now I can eat anything. I begin to feel now that life is worth living after all. I can tell you life is not worth much when you are at work day after day in pain, but since I started taking your tablets I can work and be happy at it, and laugh and joke with my mates.

"You may make what use you like of this letter. I am a working man in a Nursery, and I am digging most of my time.

"Yours truly, (Signed) E. JOHNS."

19,128 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W. 1.

"John Bull," 14/5/27

WHAT SMOKING BRINGS.
By simply enjoying good cigarettes you can acquire many interesting things. This sounds strange, but, for instance, 250 coupons from B.D.V. packets of 20 will bring you a cricket bat selected by Jack Hobbs, and autographed by him. This and other offers are displayed on page 20.

VARICOSE VEINS CAN NOW BE CURED!

Wonderful New Treatment That Corrects Deficiencies in the Blood.

"My swollen legs and varicose veins which had troubled me for five years trouble me no longer, thanks to Elasto treatment."

That is an extract from a recent letter of thanks, the original of which, along with many others equally enthusiastic, has been seen by JOHN BULL'S representative.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner. There is no chance-work about Elasto; it is the sane application of Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a cell food, which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is as simple and agreeable to take as it is certain in its action.

Elasto cures varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, phlebitis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for Free Sample.

An interesting descriptive booklet, together with Free Sample, copies of recent testimonials, and our guarantee are yours for the asking. Write for these to-day, now! or send 5/- for a complete month's treatment with all particulars and full directions, and commence your cure without delay. THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15.H.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

TOO FADDY OVER FOOD.

Some people are very faddy over their food. This points to the fact that there must be something wrong with the digestion, for any normally healthy person should be able to digest readily the usual mixed diet. Any indiscretions in eating are often followed by a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, flatulence and pain after eating.

These symptoms indicate a disordered stomach, and prompt measures should be taken to get at the cause of the mischief. Firstly, avoid over-eating. On the other hand, eat sufficient nourishing food to supply the needs of the blood. Remember this, the blood has to carry nourishment all over the body, and when the blood becomes weak, and fails to do its work, indigestion arises.

If you suffer from any form of indigestion, you should build up your blood by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Then, under the influence of the regenerated blood, your digestive system will respond naturally, your appetite will improve, you will be able to eat without pain, and your food will do you good. All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE. Everybody should read the helpful diet guide, "What to Eat," sent free to all who write to C. H., Dept. 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Human Documents

A Cowardly Cur

Debt to Repay—Bury the Past!—Loving Atonement

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

"A FRIEND of mine has got himself into a terrible fix all through doing a kindhearted action. He is a contractor with a business that is not very flourishing.

"A few years ago he employed a man who seemed a very decent fellow until my friend discovered that he had been stealing material and selling it to one of his business rivals. The matter got into the hands of the police and the thief was sent to prison.

"The convicted man had a pretty rough time of it after he had finished his sentence, but not long ago he saw a vacancy that he thought would suit him advertised under a box-office number.

"Knowing that he would stand no chance of getting the job without a reference, he went to his old employer and explained the difficulty he was in.

"My friend was not able to provide him with work, but not wishing to hit a man who was down, he gave him a good character and made no mention of the offence for which he had been punished.

"THE chap sent this character with his application for the job, and then it turned out that the advertiser was one of my pal's business rivals who knew all about the conviction.

"Knowing the character to be false, this business rival is threatening to expose what he calls the conspiracy to the police, unless my friend sort of sublets certain contracts to him.

"This my friend cannot do without ruining himself, for his business is in rather a bad way and he has been depending on this work to keep going.

"He offered money for the return of the character, but the man who has got it refuses to part with it saying it will pay him better to keep it.

"Competition is very keen so that this rival is glad to have an opportunity to 'down' my pal, and he seems to intend to use this false character given out of kindness for all it is worth."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is, of course, a criminal offence wilfully to give a false character, but where it is done out of kindness of heart and without malicious motives, it might be regarded as a mild offence compared with the detestable crime of blackmail for which it is being used in this case. Your friend should make it clear that rather than submit to such vile extortion he will report the whole matter to the police.*

* * *

"I AM the son of a miner and the eldest of a family of three. By means of scholarships and the sacrifices made by my parents, I was enabled to proceed from an elementary to a secondary school, and later to a university.

Parents' Sacrifices

"When I entered the university, I thought that my father had sufficient money saved with the addition of the value of my scholarship to enable me to complete the university course and obtain a degree.

"The industrial trouble last year put my father out of employment for months, and obviously made a great difference in my parents' financial position.

"I learn now that my father's health is beginning to fail, and that he may find it extremely difficult to maintain me any longer at the university without depriving himself, not merely of comfort, but of things which his state of health renders almost necessary.

"I wonder whether I should be justified in resigning my scholarship and seeking the best employment obtainable now in order to help my parents.

"The alternative is to remain at the university for another year or so in order to obtain my degree, when I should, no doubt, be able to secure a good post with much higher pay than I could hope to get without being fully qualified.

"I wish to help my parents in return for their sacrifices, but I fear lest in my anxiety to help them now, I may lose the opportunity of helping them more later on."

"HUMANIST" says:—*I think it would grieve your parents if you were to throw up your university course and abandon the career which they as well as you have looked forward to hopefully, thus rendering of no avail their sacrifices. Loving parents will undergo much hardship to see their ambitions for their sons fulfilled, and you must regard it as your duty to carry out their wishes and repay them with interest when you have achieved their hearts' desire.*

* * *

"I AM a married woman in the thirties and until recently I was quite happy with my husband and children. I was a child of my mother's first marriage, and I have always been given to understand that my father died when I was a baby.

The Dead Past

"My mother has since married again and brought up another family, and it seems to me that their happiness as well as mine is involved if what I have heard recently should be true.

"To put it shortly, I have heard rumours that my father is still alive. At first, I took no notice, but recently when an aged relative visited us, I turned the conversation round to the subject of my father.

"My relative remembered him well, and spoke of him as one of the best in the world, but suddenly startled me by exclaiming 'Surely he isn't dead?' and then passed it off as though she had spoken in a moment of forgetfulness.

"I do not like to suggest to my mother that she has been telling me lies all these years, but I would like to get to the truth of the matter, and I have thought of advertising to find out if my father is still alive, or get in touch with some of his people.

"Would you advise me to do this, or should I consult my mother first, and ask her whether she has told me the truth?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Why worry about the father who is virtually dead to you if he is not dead in fact? Your mother may have had what seemed to her sufficient reason for hiding the truth. She may have been compelled to divorce him and have thought it better for you to regard him as dead. Be thankful for your happiness with your husband and children and let the dead past bury its dead.*

End the War!

HUNDREDS of men who were disabled in the Great War are still fighting fearful odds in the battle of life. You can put an end to the struggle and bring them peace and comfort by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 42.)

"A CASE which you published a week or two back interested me greatly. It was about a couple who had been married for fifteen years, and were very fond of children, but having none of their own were thinking of adopting one.

Unmarried Motherhood

"As a mother myself I am concerned about a young girl who has recently become the unmarried mother of a little boy. She is really a very good, respectable girl, and this is the first time she has been in any trouble.

"She is breaking her heart to go back home, but she dare not face her parents with her baby. I thought that it would be a service to the couple referred to and to this unfortunate girl if they could have her baby."

"HUMANIST" says: *A girl who has brought a child into the world in such circumstances should regard it as a privilege to devote herself to her innocent little one's welfare. In thus atoning for her own wrongdoing she will often find comfort and consolation, and her helpless infant may be the means of saving her from further degradation. Let this girl tell her mother of her trouble in the first place. A "good, respectable girl" should not lack her parents' understanding sympathy, but if they turn her away, and it should become expedient to find a foster-mother I will try to help.*

* * *

Time to Speak

"I have been dismissed from my job through lies told by the foreman, who seemed to fear that I would report his own dishonesty about which I have kept silent for the sake of his wife and family. Do you think I ought to speak now and ask my employer to take me back?"

"Humanist" says: *It is unreasonable that you should suffer for another man's sins, and your own wife and family have the first claim to your consideration. Tell your employer, but be careful not to make charges which you could not prove.*

The Wrong Turning

"The young man with whom I have been keeping company has moved to another part of the country. He is continually begging me to go to him and says he is quite willing to pay for my lodgings, but he has never mentioned marriage. Ought I to go? I am only eighteen."

"Humanist" says: *A young man who makes such a suggestion without ever having mentioned marriage is either a fool or a knave, and a girl who accepted such an offer might soon find that she had taken the wrong turning. If he means well he should write to your parents.*

Callous Employers

"A dear friend of mine has worked for the same employer for over thirty years. He has recently been laid aside by severe illness for several months and now that he has recovered he finds his place filled and is told he is wanted no longer. What can he do with such a callous employer?"

"Humanist" says: *Nothing, unfortunately. It was partly to counteract such callousness and indifference to the welfare of workpeople on the part of the employers that national insurance was instituted, and your friend must be grateful for the small mercy of unemployment benefit instead of the workhouse which might have been his lot a few years ago.*

RECENT VIEWS ON RHEUMATISM

THEIR RELATION TO URIC ACID.

Eminent authorities hold the opinion that there is only one malady to which, strictly speaking, the name rheumatism belongs—viz., rheumatic fever or acute rheumatism, the precise cause of which is not quite clear, although certain organisms have been found to be present during an attack.

But, whatever doubt may exist in that direction, science has proved beyond question the responsibility of uric acid as the pain-inflicting agent in all other maladies which patients call rheumatism or gout.

As most readers know, rheumatic fever, in one solitary attack, usually inflicts irreparable damage upon the constitution, upon the heart especially. In the case of all other rheumatic maladies, however, this is not so, although if neglected they are capable of reducing their victims to a chronic, bed-ridden condition and causing infinite suffering to the end of life.

LIGHT ON THE URIC ACID QUESTION.

The crippling effects of the disease commonly called rheumatic or chalky gout provide an example of this, the "chalk" being a form of uric acid in myriads of tiny crystals which have been deposited over a period of years until the joints have become fettered and distorted.

As soon as it had been scientifically demonstrated that uric acid was the chief cause of practically all rheumatic suffering, chemists and medical men started a series of researches and investigations to discover the most efficient means of freeing the system of this dangerous waste product, and thereby bringing relief from this heavy burden of unnecessary suffering.

Some of the most important work along these lines has been done by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes, who, as the result of careful researches and costly experiments, conducted over a period of years, were finally enabled to produce a number of the most valuable uric acid solvents and eliminants.

HOW THE REMEDY ACTS.

Bishop's Varalettes consist of a combination of the most powerful of these uric acid solvents and eliminants. Their world-wide reputation as a most successful remedy for muscular rheumatism, chronic rheumatism of the joints, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, and all other forms of uric acid disease is based upon the fact that they do actually free the system from the pain-provoking uric acid. They neutraline the rheumatic poison in the blood, they reduce hard rheumatic deposits to a soluble state, and quickly secure their expulsion from the system. Thus, under the influence of Bishop's Varalettes, the joints are freed from their load of uric acid, inflammation is dispersed, swellings subside, whilst pain and stiffness quickly abate and finally vanish. The muscles are cleared of the clogging waste matter by the action of Bishop's Varalettes; stiffness gives place to suppleness; aches and pains take their departure.

This is the remedy that effectually eliminates the cause of rheumatic and gouty maladies from the system. It is the remedy that is absorbed right into the blood, and thus circulates through every part of the body. It reaches muscles, tissues, joints, nerves, and organs, dissolving the pain-causing urates, neutralising all free uric acid, carrying relief as it goes, and finally eliminating the mischievous waste matter through the natural passages.

But the beneficial influence of Bishop's Varalettes does not stop there, for they relieve the liver and kidneys of all clogging material and help these organs to recover their normal power to keep the system free from uric acid accumulations; free from rheumatism and gout.

ENDORSED BY DOCTORS.

In accomplishing these results Bishop's Varalettes have absolutely no harmful effect upon the system. They are taken by even the most delicate and those of advanced age with nothing but beneficial results. Here we would offer a word of precaution against the use of purgatives, which are not only unable to conquer rheumatism but actually lower the power of resistance to all forms of the disease. To get relief from rheumatism it is necessary to use a remedy compounded solely for that purpose, as Bishop's Varalettes are. Bishop's Varalettes have been for many years well known to the medical profession, who prescribe them largely and use them personally.

Readers, therefore, may be sure that in Bishop's Varalettes the makers do not offer a "quack" nostrum for which miraculous powers to cure all complaints are claimed, but a known and proven remedy for rheumatic and gouty maladies.

There are thousands of former sufferers who owe twenty or more years of freedom from rheumatism to this splendid remedy.

So confident are we of the value of the Varalette treatment—based as it is on 30 years of success—that we will refund in full the 7s. paid for a 30 days' course of Bishop's Varalettes where the treatment has been faithfully followed if no relief is obtained. We ask you just to return to us the wrapper from the 7s. bottle, and we will at once refund the money.

HOW DIETING HELPS.

Since a portion of the uric acid is introduced by food, it follows that the avoidance of food and drink rich in uric acid is important. The question of individual needs is too long and complicated a subject to discuss here, but the whole matter is set out in authoritative form in a little booklet issued free by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes. In this booklet you will find a list of all the uric acid-forming foods and beverages which must be strictly avoided, together with a wide range of permissible foods, of which the richness and variety will perhaps surprise you.

This booklet corrects many fallacious opinions on the subject of diet, and should be in the possession of all who are subject to rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, gout, etc., as a reliable guide to health. A copy will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 50, Spelman-street, London, E.1.

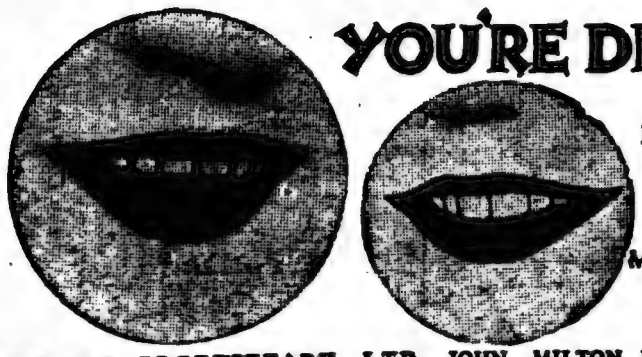
Bishop's Varalettes may be obtained of all chemists at 3s and 7s., or post free from the makers, as above.

FALSE TEETH NEED CLEANING MEDICALLY—IN MILTON

FOR FALSE TEETH, brushing is practically useless and what's more, a waste of time and injurious to the plate. By immersing your false teeth in a solution of Milton, you not only get them visibly clean, but *medically* clean—absolutely free from germs. Your breath, too, is made fresh and healthy.

Try this to-morrow morning—On rising, slip your plate into a glass containing equal parts of Milton and warm water. When you are dressed, rinse it in running water, and wipe. Notice the complete absence of 'film' and food specks, the pearl-white teeth, the glittering gold! Equally effective is the Overnight Method, for those who take out their teeth at night. You get Milton from any chemist, for 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP OR WHILE YOU'RE DRESSING



READ CAREFULLY THE FOLDER ENCLOSED WITH THE BOTTLE—MILTON HAS MANY OTHER USES

MILTON PROPRIETARY LTD. JOHN MILTON HOUSE LONDON E.C.1

AN EASY WAY TO MAKE HAIR GROW

When hair grows slowly, turns grey, falls out, and looks bad, the trouble is usually due to the dandruff germ which eats into and destroys the hair roots. If you want beautiful hair you must first get rid of dandruff. The surest, safest and quickest way to do this is by rubbing Lavona Hair Tonic into the scalp every night. This remarkable preparation not only quickly destroys the dandruff germ, but it also feeds and strengthens the hair roots in a most remarkable manner, so that in a short time you have a new growth of hair that is softer, glossier, more beautiful and more luxuriant than ever before. Get a 1s. 6d. bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic of your chemist to-day. Use as directed, and you'll be amazed at the improvement in your hair.

NOW is THE TIME to RID YOURSELF of CATARRH with 'NOSTROLINE'

Seize the chance Springtime offers to banish Catarrh once for all. While Nature is rebuilding the winter-wasted tissues a touch of "Nostroline" inside the nose destroys the Catarrh germs. Its pleasant, soothing vapours cleanse and heal from nostril to lung. Tackle your Catarrh in earnest and be rid of it while all Nature is on your side. Thousands have banished their Catarrh with "Nostroline." So should you. Start to-day before the Chemist shuts.

NOSTROLINE
Nasal Specific
From all Chemists. Price 1/3 & 3/-.
Free sample on request to—
Nostroline Labs., (R J.4), Clifton, Bristol.

2/- NOW GETS A GOLD MEDAL QUADRANT

You can have a 1927 Gold Medal Quadrant Cycle on 14 Days' Approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Deposit gets immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Write for our Free Lists and see the enormous saving in cash and easy payment terms.

Quadrant Cycle Co. DEP. 2 COVENTRY

FROM 2/- WEEKLY

REGAL RECORDS

Electric Recording

26

THE DESERT SONG—First Records.

G8829 THE DESERT SONG—The Desert Song, Waltz / One Alone, Fox Trot

G8830 THE DESERT SONG—The Riff Song, Fox Trot / It, Fox Trot

Played by

JACK PAYNE and HIS HOTEL CECIL ORCHESTRA.

IS IT REALLY CURED?

Sufferers from Venereal Diseases who give up Treatment without the doctor's consent are running a grave risk of dangerous complications and permanent ill-health. The symptoms sometimes disappear for a time, but the patient may remain infective, and the trouble break out with renewed violence if treatment has been abandoned. The only satisfactory assurance of a permanent cure is a clean bill of health from the doctor.

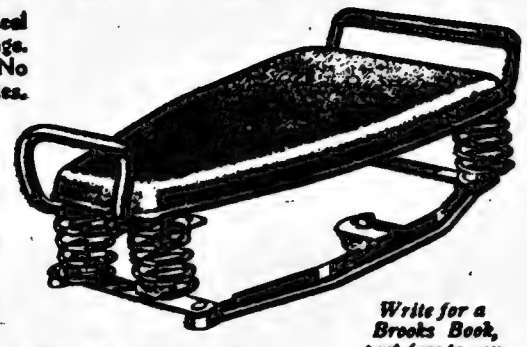
Those desiring free information (in plain cover) about Venereal Diseases should apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council (Incorporated), Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m. and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful Booklets for Parents, 1s. 6d. the set. Four useful Booklets for Girls, 9d. the set. Six useful Booklets for Young Men, 1s. 6d. the set. All post free, in plain cover.

A SAFE Pillion Seat

The seat is made of wide steel springs mounted on 4 coil springs. No links to rattle or wear out. No rolling motion. Two Safety Handles.

BROOKS



LAMINATED PILLION

B3 Waterproof Fabric - 25/-
Morocco - - 27/6
B12 Folding Footrests - 6/-

Write for a Brooks Book, post free to you

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., 93 Criterion Works, Birmingham.

SUIT YOURSELF For 1/6 A WEEK

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER on LOWEST EASY PAYMENT TERMS of the famous Selby Suits, etc. Selby means satisfaction. Each garment is Cut and Tailored by Leading London Experts, and We Guarantee Perfect Fitting. Only the best quality materials are used, and the latest London styles embodied. Complete Approval Before Purchase.

Write for FREE Book of 1927 Fashions, Rules of Pattern and Simple self-measure Chart Form.

SELBY MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 81D), 21a, FINSBURY ST. LONDON, E.C.2.

Selby VALUE

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 7 Percy Street, 53 K M, London, W.1.

Mr. T. Binney, Rotherham

Recent photo.

POISONED HAND

"Whilst in the pit I cut my middle finger," says Mr. T. Binney, of 5 House, Three Court, College Rd., Rotherham. "Coal dirt got into the wound and the finger became badly poisoned. The pain and inflammation were terrible, and for 27 weeks I couldn't use my hand.

"I used every remedy I could get, but nothing did me the slightest good. A doctor recommended amputation, but my sister persuaded me to use Zam-Buk. The terrible itching and pain were wonderfully eased and the swelling subsided. Zam-Buk then drew out all foul matter, and in four weeks the terrible wound was completely healed."

Zam-Buk

Zam-Buk 1/3 box. Zam-Buk Soap 1/- cake.

HEALING BALM & MEDICINAL SOAP

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Arthritis made him mad with pain

Even the most serious nerve trouble will yield to proper treatment. This is the message of Mr. L. C. B. Goodall, in the Human Document below. Writing from Braefell, Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, Birmingham, he says:—

"I am writing to tell you that I had Arthritis which set up an irritation in both my legs. I was mad with pain, and could not sit down for several weeks. I tried several so-called remedies, but the trouble became worse, and it was not until I obtained Dr. Cassell's Tablets that I experienced any benefit whatever. Your Tablets were so efficient that in four weeks my complaint had completely gone."

If you suffer from Arthritis, don't fly to dangerous drugs and "immediate" reliefs, take Dr. Cassell's Tablets—the known *proved* treatment for all nerve and stomach disorders.

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2/- NOW and THE BIKE IS YOURS

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SOLID SILVER English WRIST WATCH

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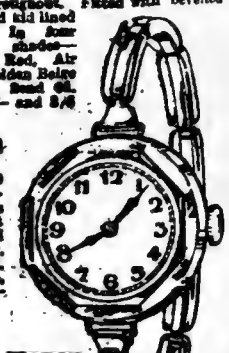

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nickel silver cushioned case, double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 15-jewelled 8-day, compensation lever movement. Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Fine steel hands. Enamelled dial. Warranted 10 years. Send 6d. deposit. After receipt send 2/- more; balance 2/- monthly until 25/- only is paid.

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Our Letter Parliament

The Devil's Disciples

Britishers Bad Sellers—A Valuable Benefit—Cruel Economy

DR. IRVINE'S article on the white-slave traffic, in JOHN BULL of April 30, is a terrible indictment of our boasted civilisation. It is obviously futile to expect concerted action from the Continental Powers; that means further procrastination, and twenty precious years have already been wasted while poor damned souls have been lured away to a living hell. Britain must act alone if necessary.—*A Father of Daughters, Tottenham.*

Auction of Souls

It is a disgrace to civilisation that there should be men in high places who turn a blind eye to the trafficking in women and girls. It is from working-class homes that the white-slave devils draw their victims, and the Labour Governments throughout the world would be false to their promises if they ceased for a minute to attack this trade which gathers gold from human souls.—*L., Liverpool.*

Hellish Life

It is the duty of every Christian man, woman or child to stamp out this abominable traffic. The only way I can see is for the League of Nations to get every country to pass a law, sentencing all procurers to penal servitude for life. It may sound rather hellish, but it's not half so hellish as the life of a white slave.—*E. S. Danes, Birmingham.*

Blood Revenue

Dr. Irvine's pungent article is a damning indictment of the thirty nations of the world whose Governments derive revenue from the sacrifice of the bodies and the marketing of the souls of its womenfolk, given in exchange for the devil's blood-money! International peace is a splendid ideal, but world-wide purity is far greater.—*E. B. I. C., Shawlands.*

Crime of Silence

The report of the League is indeed a terrible revelation, but the position of the unsuspecting girl who is ensnared into the living death is even more terrible. Undoubtedly the organisers of this traffic should be strangled, but the responsibility of safeguarding our budding womanhood rests on us all. An hour's conversation between mother and daughter regarding the wiles of these procurers would do much to minimise the risks which surround our innocent and alas! too often ignorant young women.—*May W., Devon.*

Hush! Hush!

Dr. Irvine is right in contending that the League of Nations report on the white-slave traffic has been partly suppressed for diplomatic reasons. The fear of further publicity is probably responsible for the suggestion, now being canvassed in League circles, to set up a standing legal commission that will determine whether all the activities and expenditure of the League come strictly within the League Covenant. By this means non-publication of the report on white slavery could be excused as being outside the Covenant.—*J. Law, Glasgow*

Feared Publicity

The late G. R. Sims so long ago as 1910 drew attention to the activities of the foreign *souteneurs* who directed the vile traffic in the metropolis. The exposure had its immediate effect in so far that several of the brutes who lived by the white-slave traffic had to leave this country. Again, when the attention of a certain American State was drawn to the report of the League, the Government took steps to have the photographs of six of these procurers published in the newspapers. Publicity is the only method to frustrate the scoundrels.—*A. R., Roker.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Power that Counts

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article, "An Alarming Book" (JOHN BULL, April 30), with his suggestion of an immediate increase in wages of 5s. weekly to all workers, comes at a time when it is needed most. This month Canada has passed for payment to all Civil servants a $10 a month increase and all parties, Press and public welcome the increased spending power of $750,000 that will benefit wholesale and retail traders alike. Well might the mother country follow Canada's example.—"*Observer*," *Leylon.*

Buy British!

As Mr. Roffe Thompson says, "We have the brains and the ability." On the production side we are right, but we are bad sellers. The prosperity of America is partly due to purchase on the out-of-income plan. Extension of this method here would unquestionably give a big fillip to home manufacturers. Much business which might find our own people employment is also lost by the unthinking act of purchasers who take foreign goods when they could get British made as good or better at the same price.—*A., Birmingham.*

A Fine Exhibition

It is splendid to read of the great-heartedness of the anonymous donor whom you describe as "The Angel" and fine to know that it is two cases of which she read in JOHN BULL that have called forth her practical sympathy. There is another point, too, and that is the display of confidence in JOHN BULL that is shown by "The Angel" again making it the dispenser of her gifts. It proves that the manner in which her charity was dispensed in the previous cases met with her full approval. A fine exhibition all round!—*J. M. W., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL":—"An old servant of the Duchess of Teck, and after of the Queen, has died aged 83, after 305 YEARS in the Royal service."

"SCHOOL FRIEND":—"Clara had a hockey stick in her HAND, and she looked as though she might at any moment PICK IT UP and use it as a weapon."

"BERWICKSHIRE NEWS":—"MOISTEN two level teaspoonfuls of WATER. Add one teacupful of boiling water and half a cupful of sugar."

"WHEATSHEAF HOLIDAY GUIDE":—"Superior apartments; terms 4s., rooms containing a BED AND A HALF 6s."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"To-night the two judges hear FEMALE voice choirs of 24 BOYS and elementary school choirs."

"CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES":—"Thirteen BIRTHS were attributed to influenza."

WHAT DO YOU WIN?

To compute what you win on the races consult "The JOHN BULL Racing Annual," price 3d., which includes a STARTING PRICE READY RECKONER with and without Tax Deductions.

Good for the Kiddies

If a suggestion made by the Leeds Tramways manager be adopted, many mothers will bless his name. His idea is that, during school holidays, children under fifteen shall be granted tickets to the public parks for one penny return, commencing Whitsuntide. On one route, Roundhay Park, this means the youngsters may travel nearly twenty miles for a penny.—*H., Leeds.*

Valuable Policy

A friend of mine, an insurance superintendent, has valued JOHN BULL'S insurance policy at 8s. per annum. JOHN BULL costs 8s. 8d. per year. The net cost of the journal is therefore 8d. per annum. One cannot get a good paper cheaper.—*E. N., Sparkbrook.*

Where the Money Goes

The battleships *Nelson* and *Rodney*, the first being completed and the second being built, are the two most powerful warships in the world, and the taxpayers' bill is over £14,000,000 for the two, with £400,000 apiece to maintain annually! Against whom are these monsters intended to fight?—*A. L. M., Deptford.*

Bogus Share-pushers

Congratulations on the result of your long and persistent attack on the bogus share-mongers. After the war, I lost all my back pay and bonus in a bogus concern. Since then I have been pestered continually by a London firm of "option" specialists, but was spared from any loss through them by your repeated warnings.—*Twice Shy, Berry Brow.*

Empty Houses

Your note about Liverpool's 1,000 empty houses held for sale is all too true. I protested in the Press, but the owners' reply was that they could do what they liked with what was theirs. Think of all the places where houses are held empty for sale in the effort to get boom prices, and we have one reason why the housing problem is still acute.—*M. A., Liverpool.*

Baldwin's Blunder

It is unfortunate that the Premier should be more in touch with rural than industrial centres, for what is wanted is a man at the head of affairs who really understands the mind of the average artisan regarding the Trade Union Bill. Might I suggest that the Premier should get away from the misguiding influence of either "his ain folk" in Worcestershire or his hotheads in the Government and get into touch with real working-class opinion?—*H. S., London.*

The "Flapper" Voter

I am twenty-one, plus a few weeks, and for the past two years have been entirely self supporting. I have also gained promotion in the business in which I am employed, and this in spite of male competition. I contend, therefore, that I am capable of as much thought as my male equivalent and entitled to the same privileges.—*Alice E., Leeds.*

Robbing the Widow

The Ministry of Pensions allowed a woman neighbour 6s. per week in respect of her son killed in the war. Recently this woman's husband, a fully insured person, died. She made application for the widow's pension, but was disqualified through being in receipt of the 6s. as above. But note, the pension for the loss of her son was immediately increased to 10s. per week. Does it not appear as if the two separate pensions departments had reached a kind of agreement by which they effected a paltry economy at the widow's expense.—*Civic, Nottingham.*

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The wonderful General Radio TWO-Valve Set with Loud Speaker, Headphones and *all* accessories comes to you for 20/- down and 20/- a month for twelve months only. No references required. Cash price £12

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THE DERBY

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"BOOKIE" who TOOK the KNOCK

The Derby Position—Call Boy a Just Favourite—Money Maker and Steve—A True Story of Epsom—Asterus Once More

I SHALL have two more opportunities of discussing the Derby, so I shall put off the evil day for my final selections.

AS I stated in my last notes, Money Maker—with Steve up—will be my each-way selection, but as yet the little man's mount is not decided. We may have to wait and see almost until the day of the race, and in this event I will have to resort to the code.

SHOULD Donoghue not decide on Money Maker I shall look elsewhere, and it will not surprise me if we have a repetition of the Derby of 1921. In this year the leading four in the Guineas were the first four to pass the post in the Epsom race, although not in the same order.

IN the Newmarket event Craig an Eran won, Lemonora filled second berth, Humorist was third and Alan Breck fourth. At Epsom, Humorist won from Craig an Eran, with Lemonora and Alan Breck third and fourth. I shall expect both Call Boy and Sickle to finish in front of Adam's Apple, and Hot Night's terrific speed may make him a fighting factor at the judge's end of the race.

Mr. Frank Curzon, the owner of Call Boy

FOR the first time for many years there has not been the usual crop of whispered 100 to 1 shots. In fact, the only real outsider I have heard mentioned in connection with the race is Lady Torrington's Vanoc, another son of the champion sire Hurry On. I think the luck of the Shrewton stable has inspired this selection.

I HEARD a delightful story the other day of a bookie who had taken the knock, and as he regained his feet, thanks to the Derby, it is worth repeating. The old boy was a bit of a showman. When pressed by one of his creditors he said: "It's not a bit of good, laddie, I'm down and out. The hounds are after me; but if only I can get to Epsom everything will come right."

AS a result of the interview his creditor lent him another twenty pounds. Their next meeting was after the Derby. Everything had come right. The bookie was dressed up to the nines. He paid his original debt, returned the twenty pounds, and another fifty into the bargain. Asked how he had managed it, he explained:—

"I WAS at Tattenham Corner just before the big 'un. A Frenchy came up and said 'A few of my friends want to back Ptolemy at good odds.' 'How much have you got?' I said. '£200,' answered Frenchy. 'I'll lay you 50 to 1, Ptolmey, sir, 50 to 1.' My clerk kicked my shins vigorously as I sandwiched the two hundred quid in my belt, as he knew the satchel was empty. I took no notice, but as soon as Ptolemy's admirer turned his back I ran for it, hell for leather. Fancy a blinking foreigner trying to do it on me like that. Everything is above board, sir."

BY the time these lines appear Asterus will be back in England to be trained for Ascot. Against the advice of Denman, Asterus went for the Prix Boiard in France instead of running in the Victoria Cup. The ten furlongs proved too much for him. He goes into Sam Darling's stable and will remain at Newmarket for the rest of the season.

DARK HILLOCK, who ran third in the Chester Cup, has been sent from France by Baron Baeyens in the belief that the horse can be exploited to better advantage in this country than at home. He has a touch of class on his side and is almost certain to pick up a good handicap.

CHESTER, like Brighton, A.P., Lewes and one or two more, is a notoriously trapping course owing to its conformation, and the big speculators—if there are any left to-day—seldom wager until the draw is made. In the sprints the low numbers have a very big advantage, and there is a rush to back number one, particularly if it is a fancied horse. Things went wrong at the recent three-day meeting, for the simple reason that the starting-gate has been moved. Not one number one scored.

DARK JAPAN, the Cup winner; Lone Knight, who annexed the Vase; and Dakota, Belgrave Stakes, who contested long-distance races, could not have been worse drawn; they were all on the far outside.

HORSES LEFT IN THE DERBY

Adam's Apple	Kinchinjunga
Adieu	Knight of the Grail
Applecross	La Belle Tapine
Bahr el Gazal	Lemington
Bean Swynford	Lemurian
Bernadotte	Lone Knight
Birthright	Maidstone
Blanchailles	Mario
Blue Boy	Mercury
Bold Archer	Messenger Boy
Bolingbroke	Mikado
Bonny Boy II.	Money Maker
Brown Talisman	Mordicus
Buckfast	Oriental Knight
Brigilidoro	Parker
Call Boy	Philammon
Caporal	Prester John
Cerulean	Prestissimo
Chantrey	Prime Minister II.
Chichester Cross	Regent II.
Conqueror II.	Rostigouche
Crown Emblem	Rillson
Curialis	Romney
Damon	Royal Pom
Dark Antony	St. Sylvestre
Dingaan's Day	Salmagundi
Double Barrel	Samphire
Eagle Rock	Shaun
El Mahon	Shian Mor
Fathallah	Sickle
Flashing Star	Silver Dart
Fourth Hand	Silverstead
Friar Dominic	Sledmere
Gay Gordon	Son and Heir
General Smuts	Sparks
Giovanni	Spiramonde
Good St. Anthony	Start II.
Grandkson	Taka San
Handyman	Tattoo
Hasty Sister	Tetraset
Hennapyn	Tommy Atkins
Hectare	Toureen
Hills of Rome	Tournillo
Horsan	Treat
Hot Night	Vanoo
Jack's Son	Whirlwind
Kincardine	Womerah

FOR the next few months, perhaps years, we shall be discussing arguments for and against the "Tote." It may come, but it is not likely to be popular, or very remunerative to the State. The Select Committee which enquired into betting in this country announced that 90 per cent. of the wagers on horses were made at starting-price offices. The cost of running booths all over the country would dissipate Winston's little "gold-mine."

THE average English racing-man likes to know what odds he is obtaining for his money. With the "Tote," you can back a horse which you know when you make the wager is round about five or six to one. A rush of stable money just before the off and it is an odds-on chance. If you back a winner which is returned at prohibitive odds on you can lose money.

NOBODY wants Creolian. College Leader's six-year-old failed to elicit a bid after running away with a tin-pot selling plate at headquarters recently. And yet, a couple of seasons ago, I saw the son of Rochester capture the Victoria Cup from a better-class field than Herbalist beat. Herbalist would fetch four figures.

ALTHOUGH Damon was a Dismal Desmond last time out, keep his name in your note-book. Obviously he is only a sprinter, but, unless I am mistaken, he will develop into another Scherzo and win races with big weights up over five or six furlongs.

THERE are bitter French complaints of the lack of enterprise on the part of bookmakers who refuse to lay decent prices even to comparatively modest sums like £100. Not even the guarantee of big backers in this country could induce some of the men in Tatts. during Guineas week to accommodate French visitors. This is in strange contrast to the methods of the old school of bookmakers who would take anything in the shape of money and adjust their books accordingly.

TWO of the progeny of Teddy that have tried the patience of their connections—First Edition II. and Edwina—have gone back to France, and present intentions are to keep them there so that they will trouble backers no more in this country. First Edition won one race last season, but the stable losses over the two have been heavy, and I imagine the owner must feel that he made a bad bargain when he acquired the pair.

ALEC WAUGH, who used to train at Newmarket, is having a great run of luck in Austria, where he is in charge of the Baron Rothschild's stable. Seven of his first fourteen runners won, two more were second, and another two third. If this continues some more of the bold, bad barons will be coming to Newmarket for trainers.

THE following is the description of Gatwick racecourse, the venue of a two-day meeting this week-end. Gatwick.—The mile course is perfectly straight and almost level. After the winning post it bends round a slight incline and forms an oval of one mile seven furlongs. Five and six furlong races are decided over part of the straight mile. There is also a kite-shaped course of one and a half miles, starting and finishing in front of the stands. Gatwick is a right-handed course and the draw favours high numbers.

"SILVER RING."

A GUINEA GIFT FREE TO SPORTSMEN

See pages 38 and 39

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

W T K X R O 3 C Q M I 2 U J

V P E G B L Z F S A N Y D H

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. ALIK2AMEKB would read MONEYMAKER.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, May 11, to Tuesday, May 17.

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for Results see "Sporting Life and Sportsman" and "Sporting Chronicle."

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ITS LETTER BAG
ITS "OFFICE WINDOW"
ITS CITY PAGE
ITS COMPLETE SHORT STORY
ITS GOSSIP OF LONDON
ITS SERIAL STORY
ITS TWO PAGES OF SPORT
ITS WOMAN'S PAGE
ITS PICTURE PAGE

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 43.)

100 Gift Winners:

J. Andrews, 19, Beethoven St., Queens Park; J. Atherfold, 44, Alexandra Rd., Croydon; Miss Austin, 23, Trafalgar Sq., Chelsea; G. Bailey, 94, Bayswater Pl., Leeds; E. Baker, 65, Dunkeld Rd., Sheffield; J. Barnascone, 5, Crescent Rd., Sheffield; H. Biggiestone, 43, Manor Drive, Headingley; A. Birchard, 149, Clover Rd., Welling; Mrs. Boland, Bourton-on-the-Hill; A. Burnham, 14, Otley Rd., East Morton; C. Buxton, Jessop St., Cadnor; F. Canterbury, 154, Yardley Rd., Acocks Green; A. Capstick, Carl Lofts, Shap; W. Carr, 14, Silcoates St., Wakefield; F. Carrick, 32, McKerrell St., Paisley; T. Chalmers, 7, Kirk Rd., Wishaw; R. Cole, 95, Mount Pleasant, L'pool; Mrs. Collier, 41, Rhiw Pare, Abertillery; Mrs. Coombes, 16, South St., Wilton; O. Coker, Easternmont, Prince Av., Prittlewell; Mrs. Court, Oak House, Hob Lane, Balsall Common; T. Davies, 32, Tredegar Rd., Ebbw Vale; C. Evans, 80, Farndon Rd., Alum Rock; J. Everett, 485, Ley St., Ilford; Mrs. Foster, 224, Gladstone St., Bradford; P. Gee, 14, Woodland Terr., Waunllwyd; Mrs. P. George, Wetherden, Stowmarket; Mrs. M. Gordon, 102, Halton Mans., Canonbury; F. Gosling, 66, Fairview Rd., N.; L. Gowler, Conservative Club, Chatteris; E. Grant, 12, Franklin St., B'ham; J. Grant, 35, Griffin Rd., Plumstead; R. Greaves, 106, Rappart Rd., Wallasey; Mrs. E. Gregory, Moreby Park Gdns., York; A. Hall, 3, Walkers Cotts., Twyford, Nr. Buckingham; C. E. Harris, Mustury, Axminster; Mrs. Harrison, 23, Ribble Av., Cromers; G. Hillier, Stanton Drew, Nr. Bristol; H. Hills, 24, Ospringe Rd., Faversham; M. Holmes, c/o 9, Portland Rd., Southall; O. Howard, 45, Exeter St., Gateshead; C. Howells, Gladstone House, Nantymoel; H. Hudson, 44, Kingswood St., Bradford; A. Jackson, 31, Lloyd St., C.-en-M.; T. Jessop, 36, Henry St., Worsboro Bridge; L. Jones, 38, Easton Rd., Bristol; L. Jones, 26, Gladstone Rd., Chesham; F. Kelly, 84, Horsedge St., Oldham; R. Kitchen, Hannington, Northampton; Mrs. T. Knight, 332, Albert Rd., N. Woolwich; Miss Land, 25, Kenilworth Av., Derby; E. Leonard, Penmaen Rd., Pontllanfraith; J. Lindsay, 42, Old Lake Rd., Plymouth; M. Lloyd, 118, Woodland Terr., Sebastopol; Miss H. Logan, Wayside Cott., Felixkirk; W. Longbottom, 10, Richmond Terr., Hull; H. Lonsdale, 8, Rigton St., Bradford; W. Mack, 2, Hutchison St., Cox'bridge; S. Maddy, Garway, Herefordshire; R. Magee, 78, Arden Rd., Acocks Green; C. Maplestone, 16, Manner St., Mansfield Woodhouse; C. Martin, West Lydford, Taunton; J. Mason, Bywell Rd., Cleadon; F. Marwell, Winsley Sanatorium, Nr. Bath; M. May, 1, Pound Gdns., Lakeard; W. Miles, 54, Ingledew Av., Cardiff; H. Millington, 313, Katherine St., Ashton-u-Lyne; A. Mitchell, 74, Byron St., Northampton; G. Morphy, Alexandra Rd., Farnborough, Hants; W. Morton, 15, Church Rd., Longsight; Mrs. Newsham, 6, Boston Rd., Brentford; S. Ogden, 28, Slater St., Pendleton; Miss R. Parish, Greatham Hall, Stockton-on-Tees; J. Pemberton, 40, Audley Range, Blackburn; C. Pike, 43, Tavistock Rd., Devonport; W. Rae, 55, Rosefield St., Dundee; J. Regan, 29, Bonnie Rd., Portsmouth; A. Roberts, 45, Maplewell Rd., Woodhouse Eaves; Mrs. Scott, 46, Hucknall Rd., Carrington; J. Scott, Eckford, Roxburgh; G. Shane, 57, Hazelbury Cres., Luton; A. Shawcross, Jnr., 33, Fell Rd., Attercliffe; C. Smith, Premier Garage, Ilkeston; J. Smith, 63, Bloomfield St., Derby; N. Smith, 15, Empress Drive, Blackpool; E. Stiff, 2, Weymouth Terr., Harlesden; J. Taylor, 32, Laburnum Av., Wallsend; G. Thain, 59, King St., Barracks, Aberdeen; M. Tizard, "Vonda," Mongham Rd., Hayling Island; H. Topping, 65, Goldsmith Lane, Newcastle; T. Turnbull, School of Shorthand, Darlington; W. Turner, 121, Dyfan Rd., Barry; J. Wakefield, 249, Balham High Rd., S.W.; E. Walden, 5, Home Close, Carshalton; A. Wheatley, 76, South St., Ilkeston; Mrs. Williams, 1, Rock Mount South, Liverpool; Miss J. B. Wilson, 1, Paul St., E.C.; Mrs. G. Wilson, 1126, Dumbarton Rd., Glasgow; J. W. Wilton, 239, Bryn Rd., Wigan; Mrs. Wood, 4, Square Rd., Halifax.

A Complete List of 100 £1, 200 5/-, and 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 637 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 632.	
BETWEEN NATIONS	IN LUCK'S WAY
LIKE THE PRINCE	WOMAN WHO WORKS
OLD-FASHIONED WIFE	FATHER'S APPETITE
FULL OF HOPE	WITH A SAMERA
DAWN OF LOVE	WIFE'S RELATIONS
OUTSIDE	ALL HUSBUS
WORTH KEEPING	SOAP AND WATER
FOOLISH COUPLE	SUITS HER
WITHOUT THINKING	UNHEALTHY
A FINE	WHAT IS ECONOMY?

A SURE WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION.

Indigestion is such a common ailment that many people use the first thing that's handy to stop it. They frequently use ordinary bi-carbonate of soda, never realising that although this frequently stops the pain, it is doing incalculable harm to the stomach lining and may even cause stomach ulcers. The best, safest and surest remedy for digestive troubles is a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a quarter of a tumbler of water after meals, which not only corrects the trouble at its source, but soothes, heals and protects the stomach lining. The moment you take 'Bisurated' Magnesia it neutralises the excess acidity, prevents fermentation, and that's the end of indigestion. Your chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. in both powder and tablets, the one and only 'Bisurated' Magnesia that doctors recommend and hospitals use, because it is as safe as it is effective.

THE SECRET OF PUTTING ON FLESH

DON'T MERELY ADD SUPERFLUOUS FAT.

You can easily put on flesh, increase weight and strengthen your nerves by taking a five-grain tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate with your meals. True it is simple, but it is absolutely sure. Because its organic phosphates are actually converted into living nerve tissue, and because the iron notably enriches the blood, this great tonic restores vitality to each organ of the body. Thus Blood-Iron Phosphate builds up solid, healthy flesh and develops the figure along its natural lines without adding superfluous fat. Get this unrivalled nerve and body-builder from your chemist. It costs only 3s., yet if you have not gained flesh, or if Blood-Iron Phosphate does not make you stronger and healthier, as well as better looking, you can have your money back without question.

YOURS EASY TERMS

A SMART SPRING SUIT

GREAT BARGAIN OFFER. You can have a beautifully tailored Suit, superbly cut by experts, made to measure in all the latest fashions on **Lowest Easy Terms.** All the finest materials, cut and correct fit guaranteed. Write for self measurement forms and big range of **Free Patterns** of actual cloths, and select your Suit **Now.** Absolutely the greatest value ever offered. Send a P.C. to-day.—

H. FITZPATRICK,
829, Junction Rd., BURNLEY.

Read this Week's

POSTAL BARGAIN ADS.

ON PAGES 3 & 4.

GRAVES

SEMI-FOLDING CAR

Light, staunch, comfortable. Tubular Handle. Steel Frame, padded seat, adjustable back, draught-proof sides, leather safety strap. Upholstered Navy Blue leather cloth. Rim wheels. Pneumatic rubber tyres. Price £3-7-0. Terms: 4/- now, and 4/- per month. Write for Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

2/6 Down

Ensures immediate Delivery

With but slight pedal pressure a Mead Roadster or Road Racer bicycle bounds ahead at a tremendous pace, enabling you to travel long distances in record time without becoming fatigued.

This is due to the high-class material we use and the scrupulous care we bestow upon the manufacture and assembling of every component part. Put another way: it represents the vastly *increased value you get in Mead super-quality* in comparison with other makes.

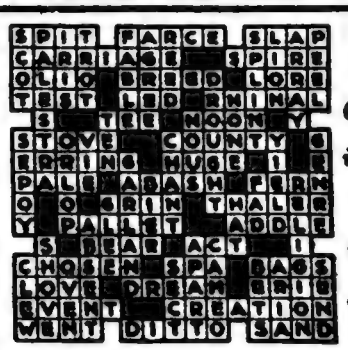
So do not waste money in commonplace machines which lack "life," and drag For your own comfort's sake, order an all-British MEAD, fitted with Dunlop or Hutchinson tyres, and enjoy the delights of gliding swiftly along the open road on a machine that makes riding practically effortless.

Sent packed free and carriage paid on 15 days' free riding trial on payment of 2/6 deposit or £4 10s. 6d. cash. Money refunded in full if dissatisfied.

Remember, the money you save in rail and tram fares pays for the bicycle—so send TO-DAY for beautifully illustrated art catalogue which tells you all about our wonderful array of new season's models, any of which you can buy at low WHOLESALE FACTORY CASH PRICES or on exceptionally easy payment terms. Please *WRITE NOW*, and see for yourself what enormous savings you can effect by buying direct from the maker.

Mead

Cycle Company (Inc.) (Dept. C751
Sparkbrook, Birmingham



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This weeks' puzzle is on page 42.

This Double

Our Guinea Gift.

The "Sporting Life" Half-Guinea Pen is British made, and is fitted with a 14 carat solid gold nib tipped with iridium to give it lasting wear. This Pen is equipped with the latest lever self-filling device. The barrel, which is cut out of fine quality vulcanite, is gracefully tapered and beautifully chased. The Pen is presented in a black and gold case of lacquer work design to match the Razor Set.

The Set which we are offering to you FREE is known as "The Derby Set De Luxe." It contains a genuine *gold-plated* model of the world-famous "Gillette" Razor, British made, and complete with blade. The black and gold case in which the Razor is presented resembles beautiful Chinese lacquer. Inside, it is sumptuously lined in a delicate shade of primrose velvet. Here indeed is an ideal set fo the Sporting Man.

This offer is made to Sportsmen only, and no application will be entertained from anyone not genuinely interested in Sport. Naturally our offer too is available only to those who are NOT already readers of the *Sporting Life*.

This Offer is limited to residents in England and Wales.

This Form brings you the Guinea Gift Voucher and the Editor's Surprise Gift. Fill it in and post it to-day. ☞

This form brings the **Guinea Gift Voucher**

POST AT ONCE

Application Form.

To THE "SPORTING LIFE," *Dept. K,*
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I CERTIFY that I am NOT already a reader of the "Sporting Life," and that I am genuinely interested in sport. I intend to give the "Sporting Life" a trial for four weeks. Please send me the Editor's Surprise Gift and also a Guinea Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my Free Guinea Gift, consisting of a Half-Guinea Lever Self-Filling Fountain Pen AND a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. **I enclose a stamped addressed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp to cover postage on my Gift Voucher and the Editor's Surprise Gift.**

Name .....

Address .....

..... *Date*.....

What Sport are you interested in? .....

Applicants must enclose a stamped addressed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp to cover postage on Gift Voucher and Editor's Surprise Gift. This offer applies to residents in England and Wales only.

This Form cannot be accepted unless it reaches the "Sporting Life" before Saturday, May 28.

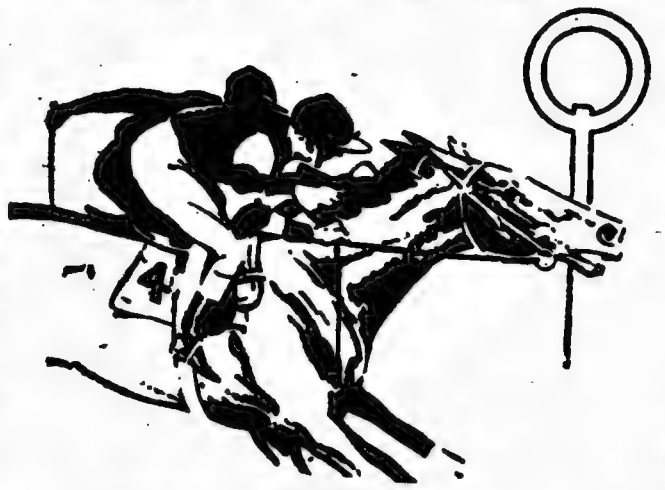
K

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Guinea Gift Free to Sportsmen

An amazing offer to "John Bull" readers who will give the NEW "Sporting Life" a trial for four weeks.

HERE is a sporting offer that will appeal to every sportsman! We make it in order to celebrate the launching of the NEW "Sporting Life"—out Monday, May 16—and to introduce this great daily sporting paper quickly to 100,000 new readers. All that we ask you to do in order to qualify for one of these superb Guinea Gifts is to give the "Sporting Life" a trial for only four weeks. In return we will present you absolutely FREE with a Guinea Gift, consisting of a Half-Guinea Lever Self-Filling Fountain Pen *and* a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set.



If you are a sportsman, take this opportunity of giving the NEW "Sporting Life" a fair trial. We are confident that after taking the NEW "Sporting Life" for the short trial period of four weeks, you will wish to remain a regular reader.

The Ideal Sporting Paper

THE NEW "Sporting Life" will be the most wonderful and complete sporting paper ever produced. It will be greatly enlarged—printed on better paper, and it will deal authoritatively and comprehensively with *every branch of sport*.

Every Racing Man should read the "Sporting Life" *every* day. Besides giving him the fullest possible details as to Programmes and Form, the "Sporting Life" provides him with reliable and accurate information and an unrivalled intelligence service.

On account of its pre-eminent position as a Racing Paper, the "Sporting Life" has access to exclusive and privileged channels of information and is able to impart to its readers vital news which they can obtain from no other source.

A Surprise Gift in Addition.

In order to take advantage of this wonderful offer fill in and forward the Application Form on the opposite page to-day. Directly it is received a Guinea Gift Voucher will be posted to you. There is no catch. There are no hidden conditions. All that we ask you to do is to give the "Sporting Life" a trial for only four weeks and in return we will present you with a Guinea Gift FREE. In addition, the Editor of the "Sporting Life" will send toevery applicant a **SPECIAL SURPRISE GIFT.**

Act at once—this wonderful offer will never come your way again.

The first issue of the NEW "Sporting Life"—out next Monday—will be a great event in the world of "Sport." Whatever you do, don't miss it!

THE

NEW Sporting Life

FOR ALL SPORT **OUT MONDAY, MAY 16** *TWOPENCE DAILY.*

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,
24-5, Fenchurch St.,
London, E.C.3.

Look for the trade-mark ℣ *on every biscuit.*

Once a poor decrepit pup -NOW- the holder of a CUP

Whether you call your dog "Jack" or "Spud" or "Champion First-class Highness of Doggyville de Luxe"—matters not at all. The foods he needs are just the same.

Although pedigrees may differ, your dog—and everybody else's dog—comes from the same stock.

And he owns the same constitution as the finest pedigree blue-blooded aristocrat in the land.

That constitution demands meat and cereal ingredients in the correct form and proportion, and millions of happy healthy doggies testify to the fact that the finest of all foods are—

SPRATT'S MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE ROAD TO HEALTH is THE ROAD TO WEALTH WHAT WELWYN GARDEN CITY OFFERS.

Sunny, well-planned, soundly built COMMON-SENSE LABOUR-SAVING HOMES.
Of all Varieties and Sizes.

HOUSES TO RENT FROM 16/11 per week, with from £10 to £50 returnable deposit.
One or Three Years' Agreement.

21 miles from King's Cross. Planned at outset for healthy, happy living. . Served by speedy MAIN LINE trains. Encircled by a RURAL BELT. The liveliest social centre in Mid Herts. London's only satellite Town. Britain's first All-Electric Town. The home of 50 Clubs and Associations. Supporting all sports. Without equal in England

Houses for Sale—Cash Deposit £50, balance as rent.

All Public Services connected. Roads and footpaths macadamised, with tree-lined grass borders between. Low rates. Low assessments. For full particulars *CALL* or *write*: Surveyor (J.B.), WELWYN Garden City, or WELWYN Garden, 64, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2. ('Phone: Clerkenwell 8511.)

THE COMFORT SOLES

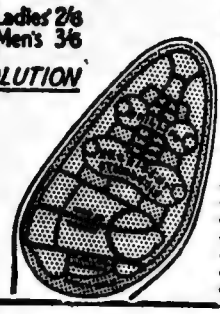
Phillips Stick-a-Soles

Ladies' 2/6
Men's 3/6

With PHILLIPS SOLUTION

Insist on PHILLIPS.
Refuse all substitutes.

Happy feet made comfortable with comfort soles. . . .
Thin, flexible, tough.
They save you pounds.



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Costumes, Coats, Frocks
FREE ON APPROVAL.

You can try on free in your own home a beautiful Costume, Coat or Dress in the latest Parisian style, made from pure all wool material, direct from the World Famous Yorkshire looms. Write now for BIG, FREE Fashion Guide and beautiful Patterns, select a big bargain, and have it sent home free. You will be amazed at its real goodness, quality & style.

FROM 6/- MTHLY

You can begin wearing it at once and pay by easy instalments. Write now and get the pick of the bargains. We pay postage both ways.

FUR BARGAINS.—Very special bargains are now being offered in fashionable Chokers, Ties, Stoles, Animal Skins and Fur Coats, Opossum, Stone Marten, Foxes Sables, etc. sent on approval from 5/- monthly. Write at Once

YEWDALL'S DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE
187, Cross Francis Street, LEEDS
FROM 5/- MTHLY

HEADACHE

NEURALGIA - TOOTHACHE

Almost all severe pains (headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, neuritis, the excruciating pains suffered by women, etc.) soon vanish when you take one or two Anti-Kamnia Tablets. Prescribed by Doctors and Dentists for 35 years. Also relieves colds, grippe, fevers, insomnia, and nervousness. A-K Tablets are a certain relief for those lightning-like pains in Locomotor ataxia. A-K is a perfect succedaneum for morphia. At all chemists. Millions used annually. Prices 1/3, 3/- and 7/6. A-K on every tablet. Write for free Sample

Anti-Kamnia

Quick Relief from Pains and Aches

AK—FREE COUPON

Please send me free of all cost Trial package

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WE OFFER YOU highest class British-made Dull Emitter Valves at HALF USUAL PRICES because there are NO Middleman's Profits to pay. WE OFFER YOU three days' FREE TRIAL—on your own wireless set—at home—because we want you to satisfy yourself that SILVER DOME Valves are what we claim them to be—the Pinnacle of Radio Perfection.

NO OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE.

H.F. DET., L.F. .. 7/-
(Worth 14/-.)

POWER VALVES .. 9/6
(Worth 18/6).

ALL voltages: 2 v., 4 v., 6 v. Test at home before you buy. Send 8/6 deposit (5/- for Power Valve), which includes 6d. for postage and packing. This deposit will be returned to you if after 3 days' Trial you decide not to buy. If you keep the Valve, then you simply forward the balance to us—viz., 4/- (6/- for Power). Don't delay. Send to-day.

EVERY "SILVER DOME" VALVE IS FULLY GUARANTEED.

Sole Manufacturers:
THE LONDON & MIDLAND MFG. Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.), Alderman's Walk, Bishopsgate, E.C.

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Patented at Home and Abroad.

stops here

The "Terry" Saddle absorbs every bit of vibration and kills all shocks. It safeguards against spinal strain and soreness. Why not fit one, and get full pleasure from your riding?

Cycle models - - 18/6
M.Cycle models, 45/-,39/-
Pillion Seats - 47/6, 41/6

LIST FREE.

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HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD.,
REDDITCH, ENG. EST. 1855.

For £2 I SEND YOU A HIGH GRADE BRITISH BICYCLE - WITH FREE GIFT OF LAMP & BELL

PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID.

WHY WAIT?

Get Your Cycle NOW!

You will find just the Model you require amongst my REMARKABLE OFFERS. Roadsters, Light Roadsters, Racing, Touring, etc. Never before has such value been offered. Every Cycle is built of Best British Parts by highly skilled Mechanics, and is FULLY GUARANTEED. You cannot buy a better Bicycle. Easy payments arranged to suit your pocket.

For 2/- deposit, I send you any Model you care to select. I make no charge for extras. I DELIVER FREE, I PAY CARRIAGE, I GIVE YOU 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, I RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL IF DISSATISFIED. My 26 years' experience and reputation for straight dealing protects you. Write to me FIRST. Write NOW! You will save pounds. (Estd. 26 years.)

ART LIST FREE.

George King
Dept C.B.
COVENTRY. LTD

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

A. D. T. (Taunton).—"I can read your thoughts." Then you know where to go.

Miss R. E. (Stowmarket).—"I told him he shouldn't swear like that." Did you know a better way?

D. R. (Hulme).—"I will never write to you again." We are clapping our hands under our breath.

N. E. (Reading).—"Can you lend me £5 for a day." As your letter was dated yesterday, you won't need it now.

Mrs. T. (Maidstone).—"I simply cannot mend socks." Ah, you don't try your darndest.

R. R. T. (York).—"Women dress to please themselves." And it doesn't take much to please them, apparently.

F. F. (Watford).—"What is a synonym?" The word you use when you can't spell the first you thought of.

N. T. U. (Heaton).—"I had my arm broken in two places." Avoid those places in future.

R. N (Northwich).—"I am very good at telling the weather." Then tell it to keep fine this summer.

W. N. P. (Salisbury).—"The young rascal stole a live lobster from a fishmonger's slab." Did he get pinched?

M. B. B. (Bournemouth).—"When young I never thought of acting like my daughter does." Possibly that's why you didn't.

V. M. (Saltburn).—"I recently paid a visit to Colney Hatch, and many of the inmates seemed as sane as I am." Probably they are, but not so lucky.

M. R. E. (Fulham).—"He wouldn't give me a job because I wasn't in the union." You should have told him you soon would be if he didn't.

H. R. (Hastings).—"What would you do if you found out the girl you thought of marrying spent a fortune on her dressmaker?" Marry the dressmaker.

M. J. (Hornchurch).—"When we crossed his field the farmer literally screamed at us." Had you trodden on his corn?

L. B. (Glasgow).—"I'm going to become a Communist, but I'm not ashamed of that." Then why are you turning red?

D. N. (Croydon).—"Seventy babies were born in a week in this district." Community singing should be in full swing by now.

L. T. (London, N.).—"Will there be community singing at the Derby?" If there is there will be a huge hoarse-racing crowd.

O. P. G. (Chester).—"Why are they turning music-halls into cinemas?" Because they can't turn people into music-halls.

J. H. (Surbiton).—"Is it true that the Americans are the most strait-laced of all peoples?" Don't know, but many of them certainly come over here for long stays.

S. F. (Middlesbro').—"Though I once asked her to marry me, she has summoned me for a debt." You did the courting, and she's done the county-courting.

S. R. (Chingford).—"I always keep my word." Won't anybody take it?

L. N. (Norwich).—"I came by the National Gallery the other day." Honestly?

MAISIE (Victoria).—"I am thinking about getting married." What girl isn't?

B. S. (Barnsley).—"My husband accuses me of being a miser." Perhaps you are only an economiser.

GLADYS (Hitchin).—"I went to a race-meeting, but had nothing on." Have our fashions gone as far as that?

P. R. (Wivenhoe).—"I have a hyacinth in my garden three feet in height." It must be the blooming limit.

J. D. (Hove).—"She's engaged to a postman." She can always be sure of him calling by writing a letter to herself.

GOLFER (Sutton).—"I drove the ball and it rolled to within four inches of the hole." That's a good lie.

G. N. (Wimbledon).—"I love rambling." So we can see by the length of your letter.

A. N. (Horton).—"I saw a play with an unhappy ending." We suppose it was too far from the beginning.

L. N. (Hampstead).—"If plain milk disagrees with baby, boil it." How cruel!

CYPRUS J. (New York).—"I've come from America to buy property in this country." Seeing the sites, we suppose.

W. W. (Shoreditch).—"Confession is always good for the soul." But often bad for the reputation.

G. M. (Barton).—"My wife wired me as soon as she arrived at the seaside." For how much?

F. N. (Bermondsey).—"What would be the fruit of a revolution in this country?" The answer, sir, is a lemon.

V. T. (Wallasey).—"I will give you a call when I come up to see the sights." Don't be rude.

Mrs. F. (Charlton).—"I have the prettiest baby in the world." Every mother has.

S. M. W. (Leek).—"Shakespeare will never die." Then those who buried him have something to answer for then.

E. V. (Barrowford).—"What is Wales chiefly noted for?" Cardiff City Football Club.

F. T. (Surbiton).—"She had hysterics in the post office." Probably the sight of a clean piece of blotting-paper and a new pen had upset her.

B. T. (Tetbury).—"What do the Americans think of our motor-car speed record?" We are informed they mistook it for a funeral procession.

E. B. (Neasden).—"I made the first speech at the dinner." You might have given them longer to have enjoyed themselves.

THE bright sunshine is a trying mockery if a cloud of trouble is on your mind. Disperse this cloud by sending details (written in ink), with stamped addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, and let the sunshine into your life once again.

* * *

M. P. (Salisbury).—"Is there anything I can do by way of return?" Don't.

A. J. (Porth).—"Life can be prolonged." Is it worth it these days?

T. T. I. (Otley).—"I took her out and we spent 5s." Was that all she had?

T. T. A. (Holmfirth).—"Wisdom is a costly thing." Only 2d. a week—published every Wednesday.

S. T. (York).—"All working girls should get married." Then they'll have to.

M. C. D. (Taunton).—"I notice you do not publish weather forecasts." JOHN BULL doesn't print that kind of fiction.

J. T. (Bude).—"My barber always sings when he cuts my hair." Does he sing, "There is no parting there?"

G. B. (Luton).—"I am told that a worm if cut in pieces will join up again." Seems a waste of time to cut it up then.

E. E. (Oxford).—"Are your offices near the Thames?" Not far off. When you come up to London just drop in.

E. J. (York).—"I thoroughly enjoy working every evening on my allotment." Then you'll be often on pleasure bent.

E. E. (Slough).—"I enclose an essay on 'What is experience.'" And we return it so that you'll have some.

D. N. (Maidstone).—"In future I intend to take all I can get." Got a job as a tax-collector?

L. T. (Gloucester).—"Grace was a fine cricketer." For which club did she play?

F. L. J. (Scarborough).—"I'd like to write for JOHN BULL." Well, start this week. Write us a few words on a *Bullets* coupon and win that £2,000 prize.

J. H. (Manchester).—"I was disappointed when the child turned out a her and not a him." Instead of giving thanks that it wasn't a them.

G. F. (Long Preston).—"How much do surgeons charge for what they call a major operation?" That depends entirely upon how much you've got.

Mrs. B. (Brightsea).—"I just had to get help when my mother-in-law lay at death's door?" In order to pull her through?

E. G. (Gargrave).—"I recently sent you an article on the transmission of power by leather belts." Yes, our office boy saw it and burnt it—in case!

Mrs. B. (Morecambe).—"I know for a fact that they never paid for their furniture." Came in one of those plain vans, did it?

B. W. (Merton).—"She calls me a fool now, but before marriage she said we made a perfect match." Perhaps she's still right.

S. N. D. (Battersea).—"Being very shy, I think I shall propose to her by telephone." But suppose you get the answer, "Number engaged"?

H. H. (Whitehall).—"In spite of the jokers there's a lot of work done in Government offices." There is. Seven different gentlemen in one week sent us the same form to fill up.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

IMPORTANT

To all sufferers from

CATARRH

Deafness, Asthma, Ear Noises, Hay Fever.

Hundreds of men and women who in the past suffered from Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma and similar distressing ailments—but who suffer no longer—testify to the wonderful cures effected by the use in their own homes of the late Sir Hiram Maxim's Inhaler. Yet many thousands who still suffer hesitate to send for this wonderful invention because they are in doubt whether it would effect a cure in *their* case.

OUR NEW OFFER

On receipt of P.O. for 2/6, we will send you one of these Maxim Inhaler Sets. Use it for seven days. If it does not bring you relief, send it back to us unbroken and we will refund your money. If you obtain benefit from it, as we know you will, then send us the balance of 5/-. Only new and unused Inhalers are issued by us. Every set returned is destroyed and means a dead loss to us.

If you would prefer to have our booklet, the "Home Doctor," first, we will send it FREE on receipt of your name and address. It tells in their own words the experience of those who have used the Inhaler and been cured of Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis. If you suffer from, or are subject to, any of these complaints, this Inhaler will truly surprise you. Its use brings immediate relief and eventual cure. No matter what remedies you have tried before, make up your mind now to suffer no more. Send your P.O. to-day (or write for the booklet). Where other "cures" have entirely failed, this Inhaler has succeeded.

COUPON

Please send me Maxim Inhaler Set. I enclose P.O. 2/6, and will either send the balance 5/- or return the set unbroken within 7 days for refund of my deposit.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Sir Hiram Maxim's Licensees (Dept ME1), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

ZIG-ZAG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

Save £4

ALL YOU PAY LESS THAN 3d A DAY

A great chance for you to save £4 and have Edison SELSY ALL-BRITISH DE LUXE 4-speed Cycle. GUARANTEED FOR A LIFETIME. SPORTING ARMOUR 3 - SPEED GEAR, DUNLOP CORD (REINFORCED) TYRES, Lycett Saddle, CHAIN GUARD, CHAIN, etc., etc. PACKED FREE. CARRIAGE PAID. SENT FROM FACTORY, FREE TRIAL. Immediate delivery on payment only of SMALL DEPOSIT. Wonderful EASY TERMS. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

Write for Free Art List

The SELSY MFG. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 32.) 31a, Finsbury Street, E.C.2.

THE BEST LIVER PILL

Valuable Vegetable Extracts

A DISORDERED LIVER leads to excessive bile in the blood, causing the complexion to become yellow and pimples, blotches, etc., to break out. Other symptoms are coated tongue, palpitation, nausea, flatulence, backache, headache, debility and depression.

The great success of Bile Beans is due to the fact that they are compounded solely from vegetable extracts which act directly on the liver and restore its natural functions. Unlike old-fashioned pills containing searching drugs and mineral purges, Bile Beans do not gripe, but gently coax the disordered system back to health.

Bile Beans are indispensable to the sickly wife or anæmic girl. They are a valuable tonic for the system, and they purify the blood and ease the bowels without griping or purging. Bile Beans are obtainable of chemists and Stores in sealed boxes at 1/3 box or 3/- family size. Never sold loose.

SAMPLE BOX POST FREE! Test without cost the value of Bile Beans as a liver corrective and family medicine. For free sample box send postcard to Bile Beans, Leeds. Mention "John Bull," 14.5.27.

EST 25 YEARS FROM **WEAVER-WEARER**

You will realise the amazing economy of dealing with us when you see our wonderful range of patterns direct from the World Famous Yorkshire Looms. We supply perfectly fitting **SUITS** or **RAINCOATS**, tastefully cut by our West End Expert Cutter to your individual requirements. First-class Pure Wool Material which is good, feels good and looks good, and keeps its shape after long, hard wear. **MADE TO MEASURE** and to fit you. Patterns and simplified self-measure forms Free. We pay post both ways. Some extra good inexpensive spring suitings in just now. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned

FROM **YEWDALL'S** DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE 12M, Cross Francis St., LEEDS **6/-** MTHLY

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Nervous breakdown due to Anaemia

This Human Document shows how completely Anæmia undermines the nervous system, but it shows, too, how it can be treated and cured. It is from Mrs. A. Abbot, of Park Farm, Buckworth Lodge, Ellington, Hants. She writes:—

"For three years I suffered from Anaemia and Indigestion; my nerves got so bad that I trembled at every sound. For weeks together I got no sleep. I was advised to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets which. I am thankful to say, I did. After the first box I felt a new woman. I am never without your valuable Tablets and shall recommend them to all my friends."

If you suffer from Anaemia, don't fly to dangerous drugs and "immediate" reliefs, take Dr. Cassell's Tablets—the known *proved* treatment for all nerve and stomach disorders.

A Product of the Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.
—Your Guarantee of Purity.

Dr. Cassell's 1/3 TABLETS 3/-

'The Greatest of These . . . . .'

War Without End!

Old Soldiers Still Fighting Fearful Odds

ALTHOUGH hostilities in the Great War ceased at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918, it was not until nearly two years later that the war officially came to an end, and even now many who took part in that struggle are still fighting fearful odds and feeling that for them the war is endless.

A gallant Highlander last week told us of some of his experiences in what he calls the great drama of the battle of life. For five years he wore the kilted uniform of a distinguished regiment and was three times wounded.

He has lost the sight of one eye, but his application for a pension on that account was refused. He is suffering from tuberculosis, but his appeal for a pension on that ground was turned down. His vitality has been sapped by malarial fever, yet still he has no assistance from the Ministry of Pensions.

He is a married man with a wife and four children. He has 10s. a week disablement benefit from National Health Insurance. His eldest son, a lad of eighteen, earns £1 a week.

His children are practically bootless and in rags, and he himself has scarcely a coat to his back. His landlord has been indulgent, but unless money is forthcoming the family will be evicted and have to seek refuge in the workhouse.

Through the medium of "The Greatest of These—" Fund we hope that such a painful end to a gallant soldier's prolonged fight for his wife and bairns may be avoided.

There are many others, however, in a similar plight and the resources of the fund are sadly inadequate to deal with all the pitiable cases brought to our notice.

Please help us to bring peace and comfort to the poor old soldiers by subscribing as generously as you possibly can. Every penny will be paid out in relief.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

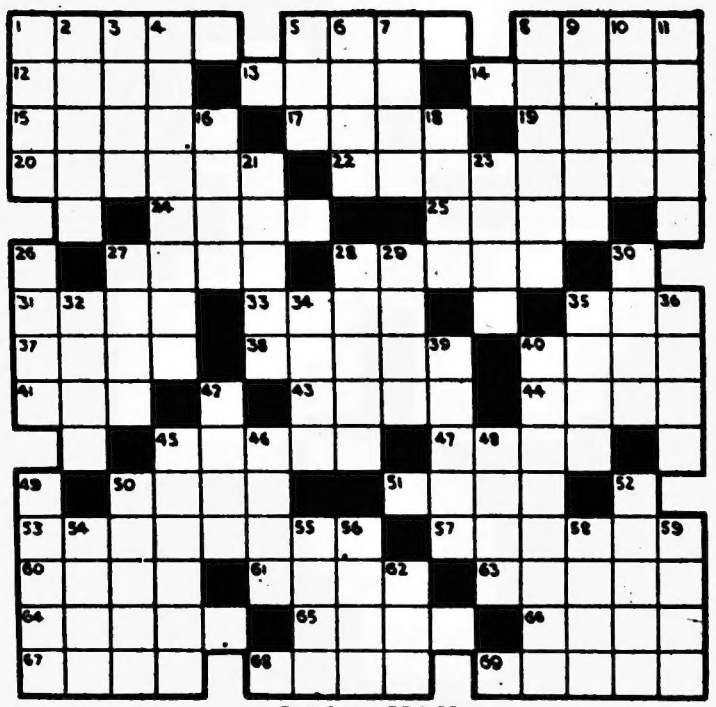
An Anonymous Friend (Woking), £1 1s; A. F. W. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; J. N. S. M., 1s.; Dorcen, 6d.; W. E., 4s. 6d.; Nineteen, 1s.; Newcastle (Staffs), 2s; Pinkie, 6s.; A Mother (Torquay), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. W., 3s.; E. Beauchamp (Wareham), 1s.; Norman Atkinson, 2s. 6d; K. M. Beckett (West Ham), 4s.; Ex K.O.Y.L.I. (S. Africa), 2s. 6d.; George A. Price (Chatham), 5s.; Anon. 1s.; Jessie (A Ninth for Luck), 11d.; A Reader (Knowle, Bristol)) 3s.; Remembrance, 6d.; A Wellwisher (Thrumpton), 1s.; Anon. (Balham), 1s.; Anon. (Bristol), 5s.; Anon. (Harrogate), 2s.; Reader 29843, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. T. Mashford (Holbeach), £1; J. R. C., 1s.; Taurus, 2s. 6d.; 9d.; Our Nora (Hendon), 10s.; F. L. D., 1s.; Mrs. E. Turner-Hackwood, £2; Mr. W. Sydney John (Cardiff), 5s.; M. S., 1s.; Cam Highs, 3s.; Mrs. Hunt (Exeter), 1s.; F. A. F. (York), 2s. 6d.; R. N. W. (Aldershot), 1s.; B. (Brighton), 1s.; P. C. P., 1s. 7d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; Mrs. I., Angus, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. A. Stone, 2s. 6d.; Hearts (Cumpare), 1s.; C. R. (Goodmayes), 7s.; Mast Ninth for Luck (Lowestoft), 1s. 7d.; Mrs. T. Mason (Glasgow), 1s.; A Friend, 2s 6d.; Anon. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; 18 Years R. R. "John Bull," 10s.; Bunty and Chuckles, 3s.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s. 5d.; Rudheath, 1s.; Well Wisher (Dundee), 5s.; E., 6d.; Wheeler (Dingle, Liverpool), 3s. 6d.; C. L. (Mindhead), 2s.; F. C. Ring, 3s.; P. C. P., 1s. 7d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.

Parcels have been received from Mrs. Want (Tenterden), K. Beal (Horsham), A Widow at Royton, Mrs. Widdington (Cambridge), Mrs. L. H. Newquay), Mrs. H. (Nottingham), Mrs. Nicholls (W. Drayton), B. H. Frant, W. A. Shrives, Mrs. Goddard (Clapton), K. W. D. (Plaistow), I. M. B. (Gillingham), Mrs. Ward (Lincoln), E. N. (Leeds), Mrs. G. M. Evans (Shirley), Mrs. L. Kennett (Bosham), A Well Wisher (Brighton), Mrs. L. Lagton (Harlesden), Baby Sylvia.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

This will Puzzle You



CLUES ACROSS

1. Brindled.
5. One-time political party.
8. Celebrity.
12. Above.
13. Useless plant.
14. Fleshy root.
15. An ultimate atom.
17. A girdle.
19. Close.
20. One who offers a price.
22. To detract.
24. Gladly.
25. A mineral salt.
27. River crossing.
28. Carpet.
31. Behind.
33. Larva.
35. Cut off.
37. Greedy.
38. Kind of sea-duck.
40. A mineral.
41. Nothing.
43. To be foolishly fond.
44. 4,840 sq. yards.
45. One of the saints.
47. Financial house.
50. To flow.
51. A system of belief.
53. Stormy.
57. A tar.
60. To disembark.
61. Instrument.
63. A balance.
64. Requested.
65. Harvest.
66. Similar.
67. A pole.
68. Awry.
69. Pertaining to a foot.

CLUES DOWN

1. Grave.
2. To shun.
3. To curve.
4. Centre of woollen industry.
5. Whole piece of cloth.
6. To notice.
7. Unemployed.
8. A mushroom.
9. At right angles to the length of a ship.
10. Flesh.
11. Strayed.
16. Costly.
18. Light vehicle.
21. Long crest of hills.
23. Medley.
26. Husks of ground corn.
27. To be unsuccessful.
28. A period.
29. Aid.
30. Male pig.
32. Wrong.
34. Be carried.
35. Fasten.
36. Excuse.
39. A picture puzzle.
40. A song.
42. Vendetta.
45. To consider.
46. An allowance for waste.
48. Exclamation of regret.
49. Collection of maps.
50. Indian fan.
52. Kind of dance.
54. Handle.
55. To swing.
56. In old time.
58. Wagered.
59. A bobbin.
62. Dishonourable.

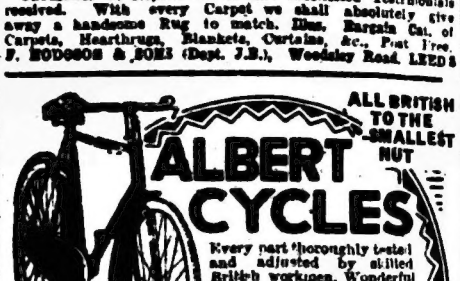
The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 37.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of *John Bull*. On receipt of P.O. for (carr. 1/- extra) we will forward direct from our looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brussels Real SEA MOSS WOVEN BORDERED **CARPETS** (Guaranteed Genuine Barrasin), Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., in Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets with **FREE RUGS** will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved.

10/6

Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. Illus. Bargain Cat. of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free. **F. HODGSON & SONS** (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Road, LEEDS



ALL BRITISH TO THE SMALLEST NUT

ALBERT CYCLES

SENT PACKED FREE ON APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID

Every part thoroughly tested and adjusted by skilled British workmen. Wonderful reputation amongst Cycle experts. As supplied to the POLICE AND POSTAL SERVICE for over 25 years. Now offered at amazingly low prices direct from factory at 7/- MTHLY (less than 3d. a day). Don't risk cheap foreign stuff! BRITISH IS BEST. Ladies' and Gent's. Roadsters, Racers, etc. You cannot do better. Write for big Free Catalogue of bargains.

FROM **6/-** MTHLY.

YEWDONIA BABY CARS Safe, healthy, sanitary, with beautiful fittings, and coach-work, a triumph of British Workmanship. Do again. Big Art Catalogue FREE.

FROM **7/-** MONTHLY

YEWDALL'S 12M, CROSS FRANCIS ST. **LEEDS**

Rheumatism Cured

Myine Street, London, E.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—I have suffered very badly from Rheumatism for some considerable time, and I am really thankful to say, since I started with "Urace Tablets," every pain, that has been a torture to me, has disappeared entirely and am glad to say I am a new man now.

I shall take care in the future to always have a box by me. Nobody should suffer with Rheumatism while these wonderful tablets are within the reach of all.

Yours truly, C. DOWNS.

URACE CURES & CURES QUICKLY.

The cause of Rheumatism and kindred complaints lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Box.

From Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

CURE RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA LUMBAGO GOUT CRAMP INFLUENZA BACKACHE NERVE PAINS KIDNEY TROUBLE SCIATICA

Last Week! **'BULLETS' ENORMOUS FIRST !!** Last Week!

£2,000

3rd Prize **£100**

4th Prize **£50**

5th Prize **£25**

100 PRIZES OF £1

200 Prizes of 5/- 1,800 Target Prizes 1,800 Prizes of 2/6

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 635.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. A. E. McQUILLAN,
117, Walthew Lane, Platt Bridge, Lancs.
Example :—BLUSHING
Bullet :—FOR MANKIND, FLANDERS' FIELDS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:
Mrs. H. JONES, 27, William Street, Camborne.
Example :—A GOOD THING
Bullet :—PUBLIC "WANTS TO KNOW."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. S. E. ROPER, 11, Drewton Street, Bradford, Yorks.
Example :—OLD MAID
Bullet :—OLD BACHELOR—OLD STORY.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:
Mrs. A. SIMS, 53, Honeage Road, Grimsby.
Example :—THE SOCIAL LADDER
Bullet :—*Prince* GLADLY CLIMBS DOWN.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. L. JONES, Ambrosia, Cheltenham Road, Gloucester.
Example :—OLD MAID
Bullet :—WAR'S "TOLL" PREVENTED WEDDING-BELLS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. CARTER, 60, Spencer Street, St. Albans.
CAREFULLY—PRODUCING "STORY"—NOT "INSTALMENT."

Mrs. N. FOSTER, 378, Blackmoorfoot Rd., Crosland Moor, near Huddersfield.
WHAT THE GARDENER SAID—FRIGHTENED OWNER PICKING FLOWERS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. FRY, Worcester Street, Bromsgrove.
THE SOCIAL LADDER—SOMETIMES TOO ALTAR STEPS.

A. MORTIMER, Flempton, Bury St. Edmunds.
CHEERFUL IDIOT—PROMISED CANDIDATE WON'S VOTE.

B. PICKUP, "Hillcrest," Wike Bank, Scarborough.
WICKED WORLD—"ABANDONED," BUT NOT "FORSAKEN."

Mrs. L. SAUNDERS, 19, Parkend Road, Bream, Glos.
THE SOCIAL LADDER—USEFUL WEEK "BUILDING FORTUNE."

W. SHOAF, 4, Church Street, Blaengarw, Glam.
A GOOD THING—TAKING *Consideration* INTO *Anything*.

F. TURNER, 17, Gorse Drive, Stretford, Manchester.
WINSTON'S MISTAKE—IMAGINING "SINKING SHIP" SUBMARINE.

J. TURNER, 14, Beaumont Street, Hoylake Common.
FADED FLOWER—PEACE, IF TREATY "FROST."

M. F. WEAVER, 16, Ashtree Road, Stirchley, Birmingham.
WICKED WORLD—"OCCUPIERS" GRANTED "RENEWING LEASE."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. ALLISTER, 56, Westgate, Driffield, Yorks.
WHAT THE GARDENER SAID—"DROUGHT, MY "RAINY DAY.'"

Miss DAVY, 102, Oakleigh Park Drive, Leigh-on-Sea.
TOO MUCH WORK—FOR ONE, INJURES TWO.

C. FRASER, 567, Gallowgate, Glasgow.
A GOOD THING—HEALTH—MODERATION'S THE "JOCKEY."

Mrs. GARNER, 12, Colliery Cottages, Brierley, Barnsley.
FADED FLOWER—SHE LOOKED *After* RAIN.

D. GOODMAN, 24, Worship Street, London, E.C.
CHEERFUL IDIOT—PASSED WARNING—FIRST WARNING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. A. GRAHAM, "Rosemount," Moorville, Carlisle.
LIFE'S SUNSHINE—REDUCES "HARVEST OF DEATH."

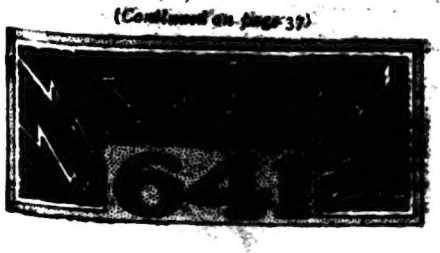
A. HAY, Woodbine Cottage, Braemar, N.B.
VOICE OF CONSCIENCE—GUARD OF *Our* HONOUR.

D. NASH, 56, Mall Road, London, W.
TOO MUCH WORK—"SURPLUS" MAKING HEALTH "BANKRUPT."

T. NICHOLLS, 37, Ramilies Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
OLD MAID—JOINS THE *Vinegar* CLUB.

G. PRIESTLEY, 49, Sloey Avenue, Firth Park, Sheffield.
VOICE OF CONSCIENCE—SILENT, SOUNDING "ALL CLEAR."

(Continued on page 37)



Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 637, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2. Comp.

Example _____ Closing Date Thursday, May 19
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 37. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date Thursday, May 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 37. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ "Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 37. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(637) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 37. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

IMPORTANT THURSDAY, MAY 19, is the closing date, but by posting a few days earlier you can assist us without affecting your opportunity of success.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" competition No. 634 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Dibb, Cottingham Road, Newland, Hull.

How to Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were :—

Example :—ALL WRONG
Bullet :—"CROSSES" MARKING CIVILISATION'S MISTAKES.

Example :—THE SLUMS
Bullet :—OWNERS "RUN" WITHOUT "ENTERING."

Example :—VOICE OF THE PEOPLE
Bullet :—QUIET—GOVERNMENT'S BEST APPLAUSE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 637.

WHAT WE WERE PROMISED
BRITISH FILM
RARE
POOR CHAP
WHAT SHE'LL DO NEXT
A CELEBRITY
NEIGHBOURS
MAKES FATHER GROAN
SILLY ASS
NOT FOR ME
OVER HERE
THE FACT IS
PROFITABLE
WHAT HE ASKED
A SHAM
WHAT THE BRUTE SAID
HINT FOR HIM
MODERN
ABSENT-MINDED BRIDEGROOM
IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL
SLEEPING
GIVEN AWAY
CAUGHT IN THE ACT
I EXPECT
BEFORE GETTING MARRIED
WHEN SHORT
LOT OF GOOD
GETTING TOGETHER
FINISHED
WORK AND PAY
HER KISSES
CONFUSING
NO CRIME
WITH A YAWN
HOW TO SAVE
SECRET WORTH KNOWING
DECEIVES NOBODY
IMPORTANT
HEALTHY SIGN
WHAT IS A VOTE ?

"TURKEY WEEK" £500 Double First! CONT. 284

Light work Light heart Persil!

More than a million housewives now use Persil. They wouldn't continue to use Persil if it did not do what they expected it to do. They have *proved* its amazing properties—how it washes the clothes unaided—how it cleans and purifies and makes everything it washes sweet and clean.

The simple oxygen washing compound—not a soap powder. Persil's method is *unique*. It sets free volumes of purifying oxygen in the water—breathes cleanliness and long life into every fibre. Does it all so *harmlessly*.

For laces, curtains—all fast colours. The Persil "fresh air" method gets more done and more easily than any other way of washing.

To obtain all the energy in each grain of Persil

for Persil *has conquered washday*

always use

Persil

the right way – it's simple!

In 3½d and 6d packets

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